TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The second act of the so-styled Annexation Plot drama has been played with the Police Court as its scene. The manager of the *Empire* has been formally committed for trial on the charge of libelling Messrs. Bunting and Farrer of the *Mail*, in the very vigorous and denuncia tory articles which appeared in the Conservative organ purporting to "expose" Mr. Farrer's dealings with leading Washington politicians. As a specimen of the old fashioned slashing style of political attack it would have delighted the heart of the late George Brown who was a master of the art of piling Pelion upon Ossa in the way of epithet and objurgation. This style of political discussion, though it still has its exponents in the party press, has rather gone out of vogue of late. The public have not shown much disposition to take this *Mail-Empire* embroglio seriously and there is no reason why they should. Some of the actors in the case may perhaps flatter themselves that they are making history—and there yet lingers in the rural districts a traditionary idea that there is something like devotion to principle behind all the vaporing and mock heroics of political writers. But the intelligent portion of the public have long since discounted the high-sounding utterances and hollow professions of the party journalist. There is a profound and growing disbelief in the sincerity of newspapers, in marked contrast to the almost superstitious veneration once attaching to the deliverances of the printed page. So long as the personality of the editor was veiled in mystery—as it still is to some extent on the great English journals—and the public was kept in ignorance of his motives, it was possible for the newspaper to successfully impose upon the unthinking—to set up a lofty standard of patriotism and principle and get credit for aiming at a high ideal. But the modern system of publicity has destroyed all that. The people in the language of the street "are onto the fake." They know that the newspaper editor is after all merely an ordinary mortal who writes for his bread and butter, just as his neighbor sells drygoods or builds houses, and that every line he pens is controlled by business or party exigencies. They see the strenuous champion of Liberalism who cannot find names hard enough to characterize the depravity of the wicked Tories, willing to resign his situation, pass over to the Conservative camp and turn his battery upon his former friends and employers provided that by so doing he can secure a slight increase in salary. The spectacle of a newspaper going bodily over to condemn that which it formerly advocated and justify all it once denounced, is more unusual, but still not so infrequent as to be more than a nine-days wonder. And when such an event occurs, do the brilliant and talented writers throw up their positions or affect any qualms of conscience about accommodating their principles to the change of policy? Not a bit of it, save in exceptional instances. In short, newspaper writing is nothing more nor less than a trade, in which the supply is regulated as in other trades to suit the demand.

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Formerly the mainspring of daily journalism was partyism. To-day it is business modified in most cases by party considerations. The increased amount of capital necessary to establish and conduct successfully a metropolitan daily paper brings the commercial element into increasing prominence. In old times the leading dailies were started and controlled by some one prominent man of strong individuality and decided political views who made his newspaper a vehicle to advance party objects. But personal organship is rapidly becoming extinct. If the modern newspaper is partisan it is simply on commercial grounds, because there is more money in being so than in assuming an independent role. Where the two interests clash it is the political and not the commercial object that usually goes to the wall. It is some time since Wendell Phillips, speaking of the American press, said: "You can hear in every line the chink of the dollar and the lash of the party whip." The sound of the party lash has grown a good deal fainter in the meantime, and the chink of coin much more distinct. Now this *Mail-Empire* annexation plot squabble is merely a phase in the desperate struggle for a living share of public patronage between rival journals. It is as purely a sordid contest for supremacy and the dollars of advertisers, and as destitute, on either side, of lofty motives or devotion to country or principle, as the fight between the rival grocery stores of a country village, where the trade will only support one. When the *Empire* assumes a Bombastes Furioso view and screams "treason!" and the *Mail* taunts its competitor with being a government hireling and a parasite, apart from the amusement which the situation may afford the *quid nunc*, the public have no more real interest in the mud-throwing than in any squabble between hostile traders in which Jenkins asks the citizens not to patronize the fellow over the way because he beats his wife and Snooks retorts that anyway he never defrauded his creditors.

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Contrary to the expectation of many partisans, with whom the wish was evidently father to the thought, Mr. D'Alton McCarthy has redeemed his pledge of moving for the abolition of the dual language system in Manitoba and the North-West. The breach between the Equal Rights section of the Ottawa Conservatives and the bulk of their party is evidently widening, as shown by the absence of Messrs. McCarthy and O'Brien from the party caucusses. The Liberal party is just now in a mood to be thankful for small mercies, and their organ points exultingly to the attitude of the Equal Rights men and the *Mail-Empire* affair as certain indications that the inevitable disintegration has already set in, even before Sir John's departure. The *Globe* is perhaps a little more sanguine than is warranted by an unbiased survey of the facts. The growing alienation of the Equal Rights element may be the little rift within the Ministerial lute which by and by may make its music mute, but the party has in the past survived equally formidable differences. It is never safe to underrate the strength of the machine—the power which the prestige of possession and control of the offices and emoluments of government give. The advocates of new parties and new departures are very prone to ignore the passive strength begotten of custom and long establishment, and to imagine that the waves of passing and fitful popular sentiment are an irresistible force. They generally find out their mistake on election day if not before. Sympathy with new departures and progressive men ought not to blind us to the logic of cold facts and the teachings of experience. In a fight between those who are striving to introduce a new order of things, and the machine, all the odds are in favor of the machine, so long as the present engineer remain, at his post. In other words the probabilities are that the Conservative party will either bribe, coerce, coax or crush out the Equal Rights element in its own ranks so effectually that at the next election there will hardly be a grease spot left of it as an active political factor. There is nothing in the course of political events since the ratification of the Jesuit Bill to lead to any other view. That the principles represented by Mr. McCarthy and the thirteen members who voted in opposition to the Jesuit Bill will ultimately triumph every well-wisher of Canada must hope. But it is folly to close our eyes to the strength of the adverse forces or to talk as though an immediate victory were among the possibilities. "It is with true opinions courageously uttered," says Goethe, "as with pawns advanced on the chess-board, they may be beaten, but they have inaugurated a game which must be won."

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But supposing the schism in the Conservative ranks caused by the Equal Rights agitation were a far more serious matter than it appears likely to be, what possible comfort could their adversaries draw from it? The Liberals are just as deep in the mud as the Conservatives are in the mire. The line of cleavage on the Equal Rights question runs through both parties. To all appearances it is giving Premier Mowat vastly more concern than Sir John Macdonald. If it should by any possibility make such headway as to seriously endanger the Ottawa ministry, it would not advance Mr. Laurier and his following one step nearer the goal of his ambition. The nonsense uttered by the *Globe* on the question could easily be contradicted out of its own columns. While one day rejoicing over the attitude of Mr. McCarthy as a prelude to the long wished-for disruption of the Ministerial following, on the next it is as likely as not to repeat its denunciation of the whole movement as an insidious and deep-laid plot to overthrow Premier Mowat, and charge Mr. McCarthy with having a secret understanding with Sir John. The faithful, of course, are quite prepared to believe any iniquity that can be asserted respecting the chieftain and his former follower. But it is surely putting too great a strain on their credulity to expect them to believe not only that D'Alton McCarthy has all along been doing the work of his party in pretending to be opposed to the Jesuit Bill, but that at the same time he is trying to destroy the Conservative cause.

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The speedy expiration of the bank charters and the probability that upon their renewal some important changes may be made in the present highly unsatisfactory system of issuing bank currency, has brought up the question of whether the privilege of issuing notes ought to remain in the hands of private corporations. The idea of an entirely national currency finds many advocates. A considerable advance was made in that direction when the Government restricted the powers of the banks in the matter of issue to notes of five dollars and upwards, and undertook the issue of the smaller denominations. The bankers are of course exceedingly anxious that the opportunity of making large revenues out of the issue of their own notes in addition to the legitimate business of exchange and discount should be continued to them and have been interviewing Hon. Mr. Foster and endeavoring to bring their great influence to bear with a view of retaining their special privilege. So far not one sound argument has been advanced in support of a piece of class favoritism which has only custom to recommend it. There is no earthly reason why the corporation styled a bank should be granted an extremely valuable monopoly refused to all other associations and individuals. The fact that it trades in money furnishes no valid ground for extending to it the function properly belonging to the government of making money. So far as coined money is concerned the right of issuing it has been from time immemorial jealously retained in the hands of government. But the use of paper money to supplement the gold and silver coinage having came about gradually and from small beginnings, the prerogative which should attach to the state alone has been permitted to be usurped by private companies greatly to their enrichment. Vested wrong can always find interested defenders, but so far no one has ever undertaken to grapple with the question, "Why should a banker any more than a grocer, brewer or bootmaker be allowed to practically double his capital by issuing his promises to pay and circulating them as money with the government sanction?

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Apart from the intrinsic injustice of the thing there are practical disadvantages in a bank currency as compared with a national circulation. The most obvious is that the bank issues do not circulate at par throughout the Dominion. In Ontario the people are shy of the notes of Maritime Province institutions with which they are not familiar, and down by the sea the currency of Western Canada is similarly looked upon with suspicion. Then, again, bank suspensions often entail loss upon the holders of notes, which, even if ultimately redeemed, are temporarily unnegotiable. Every considerable failure of a note-issuing bank, though it may not cause any loss to noteholders, necessarily disarranges the financial system by the withdrawal from circulation of a portion of our very limited volume of currency. These incidental evils the bankers, alarmed for their lucrative privilege, now propose to remedy, but the devices suggested would at best be but ameliorations of a bad system and would not avail to give that absolute security and confidence in the stability of the currency which can only be conferred by the resumption by the government of a right which ought never to have been entrusted to private institutions.

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Why does not some capable and clear-sighted writer undertake the task of doing for the whole broad question of currency and finance what Herbert Spencer, Henry George, and several other writers of the land nationalization school have done for the land question? It offers a grand and almost unoccupied field. There are of course treatises by the dozen on money and banking, and very arid, tedious and uninteresting reading they are, even the best of them. What is worse, they are in nearly all cases written from the standpoint of the banker or the capitalist and in accordance with the old formulas of political economy, produced for the evident purpose of showing that whatever is is right rather than exposing abuses. They are confusing instead of enlightening. Let an intelligent man, guided only by such knowledge as he may have of actual financial transactions, sit down quietly and try to think out the money problem for himself and he will probably get some glimmering perception of the state of the case, some slight glimpses of light upon an obscure subject. Then let him go to one of the recognized "authorities" on the money question for further enlightenment and the chances are that he will rise from its perusal utterly befogged and mystified, with his head in a whirl and the impression that it is "one of the things no feilah can find out." In these days of ambitious literary efforts with hundreds, yes thousands of would-be authors complaining that every line of thought has been pre-empted and hunting for some field a trifle less crowded than the beaten paths of literature, it is a wonder that nobody has given us a radical and popular book on money and capital, showing just how the question ought to be dealt with so as to prevent the injustice of the present system.

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Currency reform is generally bracketed with land reform by agitators on the social question as a necessity before juster industrial conditions can be secured. For many years the Greenbackers in the United States gave it the first place in their programme. The circulating medium is the life blood of commerce and production and the importance of a sound and plentiful currency is obvious. But after all the mere question of currency is a comparatively insignificant phase of a much larger question that civilized communities will shortly have to face—that of the enormously swollen volume of credit without any tangible, or at least adequate basis which forms the real medium of exchange. Why, money of any sort, gold, silver, bank issues or government notes, is a mere flea-bite in comparison to these paper credits of individuals, on which all large transactions are conducted. Money is only the small change of commerce. We buy bread and tea and coal with money—pay our railroad fares and hack hire, and meet the thousand-and-one every day petty expenses with money. But when we buy a house or invest in bank stocks, or settle a bill running up into the hundreds, do we pay in money? Very rarely indeed. It is checks or drafts or bills of exchange—some form of bankers' paper, which passes in all the larger transactions of business. It is credit, in short—private credit, an intangible thing that has no existence outside of bankers' ledgers and slips of paper—credit swollen by the operations of financiers to a volume out of all proportion to the money supposed to be behind it, that furnishes the motive power for the world's business. The machinery of the banks and money-dealers has been contrived with a special view to doing an immense volume of business upon the smallest possible margin of money. Take as an illustration the operations of the English syndicates which have gone through the continent buying out everything in sight. They are said to have invested a hundred million dollars in America. Now what have they actually sent over of real intrinsic value to secure the right to draw every year an immense amount in dividends? Nothing but credit-paper—documents transferring so much credit from the books of Old Country bankers to the books of establishments on this side of the water. In other words they, as well as the Lombard street money-sharps of whom Canadian governments and municipalities "borrow money," loan their credit to the confiding people who prefer to pay them a good round figure in the shape of interest on it every year in preference to utilizing their own credit. The Dominion Government is supposed to have borrowed money to the extent of some two hundred and seventy million odd from England. If so where is it? How much gold is there in the country? Perhaps eight or ten millions at the outside. What we really have borrowed and mortgaged the industry of our posterity to pay for is credit. And so the game goes on all through. Some day the whole unsubstantial fabric of imaginary credit which, under our own modern financial system does duty for money, will come down with a run. Even so conservative and orthodox an authority as Jevons' writing of this enormous expansion of business and fictitious values created by the mechanism of exchange, says: "The whole fabric of our vast commerce is found to depend upon the improbability that the merchants and other customers of the banks will ever want, simultaneously and suddenly, so much as one-twentieth part of the gold money which they have a right to receive on demand." This is not the utterance of a "flat money crank," an alarmist or a demagogue, but one of the soundest and most cautious of English political economists.

OUT OF HIS DEPTH.

It is encouraging to those writers and public men who for years past have been trying to convince the citizens of the absolute need of more parks and open spaces to see that their efforts have at last produced some tangible effect. The necessity is now universally admitted, and much has latterly been done to supply the want. The hindsight of the citizens in the matter is ever so much better than their foresight. We can all see now what a terrible mistake was made in not anticipating the city's growth and providing adequate breathing spaces for the population twenty years ago when the land now unobtainable or only to be had at enormous cost could have been cheaply procured. To content ourselves with vain regrets now would only be to repeat the costly blunder. If Toronto as we know it is in need of more open spaces how much greater will be the want when our population has again doubled itself? In addition to sanitary and æsthetic considerations it must not be forgotten that parks are one of the most profitable of municipal investments. A city of parks, squares and frequent grateful oases of verdure in the desert of brick and mortar will attract not only temporary visitors by the thousand during the summer months, but permanent residents. Men who are wealthy and independent enough to choose where they shall live, will naturally gravitate to the city where the surroundings are most pleasant. We are likely hereafter to have the necessities of the suburban population carefully looked after in this respect and the essential immediate thing is the securing of such central breathing spots as are still obtainable. Of these the present Upper Canada College grounds are the most desirable and the circumstances ought to be auspicious for obtaining them from the government at a moderate price. Considering the manner in which our Queen's Park was sacrificed to give the province a commanding site for the new Government buildings, the city has a moral claim on the government for the most favorable terms. Every public spirited citizen ought to lend encouragement to the movement to save the college grounds from the real estate speculator and the builder and convert them into a public square.

The re-organization of the Board of Works under the energetic chairmanship of Ald. Shaw is proceeding apace. The first important change has been the resignation of City Engineer Sproat with the object of effecting an entire change in the system under which public improvements are carried out. It is proposed that when Mr. Sproat's successor is appointed, the whole responsibility of the work shall be invested in him, with the power to dismiss and appoint subordinate officials. The great cause of most of the evils in municipal administration is divided responsibility and the continual intermeddling of ward politicians and those with axes to grind, in matters which should be left in the hands of some sole responsible executive head. If a blunder is made—as blunders are certain to be made under such a system—instead of there being one man who can be called to a strict account for it, the responsibility is divided between principal and subordinate officials, aldermen and heads of departments. Everyone concerned is able to allege with some measure of plausibility that somebody else is to blame, and finally no one is held accountable, and all that can be done is to foot the bills and spread a coat of whitewash as quickly as may be over the whole business. The principle of full individual responsibility resting upon some administrator who has absolute control of his subordinates is the only correct one, and if it can be carried out some practical improvement may be hoped for as a result of reorganizing the department.

Social and Personal.

Last Saturday night the bachelors of Tintagel gave one of the supper parties and smoking concerts in which they excel. The guests of the evening were Mr. Cecil Clay and the gentlemen of his company, in whose honor the entertainment had been inaugurated. Some thirty gentlemen sat down to a late supper, while others came afterwards in time for the musical and dramatic portion of the affair. When it is said that the professional gentlemen lent ready aid to what local talent there was, the excellence of the last part of the entertainment will be understood. The hours of Sunday morning were rapidly drawing near, so that there was little time to spare, but the "stage manager" allowed only a minute or two to elapse between the numbers of his impromptu programme, and so managed to crowd a good deal of matter into a comparatively short space of time. A short musical sketch by Mr. Grant Stewart showed that gentleman to be in his best form and seemed to please the professional part of his audience as much as it did the others. Mr. J. K. Pauw's imitation of Irving in a scene from The Bells was extremely well received, and Mr. Bromley Davenport gave two songs, which were well suited to his talents and took immensely. Mr. Courtenay-Thorpe's recitation was a triumph of rare dramatic skill. Mr. Felix Morris brought down the house, so to speak, by his recitation of an unpublished poem by David Garrick. Mr. Gottschalk's remarkable playing was as much appreciated as it has been on former occasions in Toronto, while Mr. Bell gave an admirable funny recitation. An exhibition of sleight-of-hand by Mr. Crerar of Hamilton was wonderfully good. Within two or three feet of the nearest of the spectators and with no "properties" or "accessories" that could help him, Mr. Crerar thoroughly mystified and bewildered the company. Some of those present, besides the above-mentioned, were Mr. C. E. Heward, Mr. Stephen Heward, Mr. Sydney Small, Mr. Wallace Jones, Mr. F. Stewart, Mr. Brown, Mr. Robert Ross, Mr. Beardmore, Mr. Crouyn, Mr. Boulton, Mr. Mayne Campbell, Mr. Clay, Mr. Wilson of New York. Mr. Reginald Thomas acted as master of ceremonies, while Mr. McLennan, Mr. J. K. Pauw and Mr. Goldingham were courteous and attentive hosts.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton of Norwich, England, were in town last week. They left on Saturday for Montreal.

Mr. James Aitken of Manchester, England, is staying with relations on St. George street.

Mr. Campbell of London, England, was in town last week. Mr. Campbell is a subaltern in a particularly smart cavalry regiment, the Carabineers, who have lately returned from India and are now quartered in Yorkshire, England. Mr. Campbell has gone to Ottawa, but is expected back shortly, and will probably spend the greater part of his "long leave" in Toronto.

The Misses Fairleigh of Boston, Mass., are staying with friends on St. George street.

On Saturday night of last week a brilliant audience filled the Grand Opera House to the doors, and gave Miss Rosina Vokes and her clever company a farewell ovation. A Rough Diamond never went better here, while the brilliant repartee of that brightest of little comedies, My Milliner's Bill, seems to have lost none of its point although there could have been but few amongst the audience who had not laughed at its witticisms several times before. The names of many society people whom I noticed in stalls and boxes, have faded from my memory, but amongst them were Captain and Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Appleton, Miss Sinclair, Mr. Campbell of the Carabineers, Messrs. Bromley-Davenport, Goldingham, Pauw, the Messrs. Heward, Miss Arkwright, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Patteson of Eastwood, Mr. Harry Gamble, Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, the Misses Patteson, Mr. Grant Stewart, the Misses Grant Stewart, Mr. Frank Jones, Mr. Watson of London, England. A beauty, in the box above that which Mr. Manning reserves for himself, who looked like a Southerner, came in for considerable attention, but it seemed difficult to establish her identity.

Not content with being prominent amongst the leaders of society here, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny were to have given a large skating party at the Rink in Ottawa last week. Invitations had been sent out in large numbers, and a great portion of the society which the capital possesses during the session and at no other time, would have been present. But an unfortunate accident to the rink, or to some of the officials, necessitated the postponement of the affair. Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Dobel of Quebec were associated with Colonel and Mrs. Sweny in this affair.

Colonel and Mrs. Sweny of Rohallion, Bloor street, have returned to town from Ottawa.

Mr. F. C. Bruce of Rochester, N. Y., is staying with friends on Jarvis street.

Miss Hamilton of Kingston has been the guest of Sir David and Lady Macpherson at Chestnut Park. Miss Hamilton left at the beginning of the week for Quebec.

Mr. Harvey Simpkinson of London, England, who has been spending some weeks with friends on College avenue, left on Tuesday for California, where he purposes settling. Report has it that Mr. Simpkinson will return to town ere long, and that when he again leaves for the West he will not be alone.

Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar of Hamilton, Ont., were in town last week, and occupied a box at the Grand on Friday night.

Miss Jessie McInnis of Dundurn, Hamilton, is the guest of Mrs. James Strachan of Richmond street.

It was with great regret that a large number of friends and acquaintances heard of the death of the Rev. Harcourt Vernon, which occurred this week at the house of Mr. Alan Cassels of Wellesley place. Mr. Harcourt Vernon was the father of the popular secretary at Government House. During late years he has resided in Toronto for some months every year, and always seemed to return to his home in England with regret. He was universally admired and respected here. Mr. Harcourt Vernon was a first cousin of Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the home secretary of Mr. Gladstone's last government.

The members of the Riding and Driving Club have been waiting expectantly for sleighing or at least good roads, but the snow falls and the mud continues. To-day the members met at Mrs. Albert Nordheimer's for an afternoon tea, of which we can give no particulars this week.

Mrs. T. C. Patteson of Eastwood is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Albert Nordheimer dined a number of her friends on Monday evening last.

Mr. Reginald Thomas of Paris spent Saturday and Sunday in town.

The annual meeting of the Girls' Home, on Gerrard street, was held on Wednesday. Dr. Stafford was in the chair. The reports of Henrietta E. Hamilton, the secretary, and Mrs. A. E. Denison, the treasurer, showed that the institution was doing excellent work and prospering. The following list of managers was moved and carried: Directresses, Mrs. McCaul, Mrs. J. G. Scott, Mrs. A. M. Smith, Mrs. Beard; lady managers, Mrs. J. Leys, Mrs. Boddy, Mrs. Garvin, Mrs. Barrett, Miss Ellis, Miss Gelkie, Mrs. Walker, Miss Stark, Miss Wardrop, Mrs. Jenkins, Mrs. Briggs, Mrs. Rennie, Mrs. Wilkes, Mrs. Merritt, Miss Strachan, Miss Harris, Mrs. Woodbridge, Mrs. Carruthers, Mrs. Denison, Miss Barnes, Mrs. Blair, Miss McLean, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Sills, Mrs. O'Meara, Miss Martin.

I wonder if there is any covert design to promote commexation in the formation of the society here spoken of. Just before the holidays, says the Harvard *Crimson*, the Canadians who are now at the university were brought together by the invitation of Mr. Montague Chamberlain. A resolution to form a Harvard Canadian Club was unanimously passed, and a committee was named to prepare a constitution during the recess. This committee reported at a special meeting last Saturday evening and their constitution, with slight amendments, was adopted. The new club has an opening membership of thirty-two, comprising several officials of the university. Its officers are: President, Mr. F. W. Nicholson of the graduate department; Vice-President, Mr. C. W. Colly of the graduate department; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. A. W. Rae of the law school. The aims of the club are: To promote good-fellowship among Canadian students at present in residence; to welcome incoming students from the provinces; and to make the advantages of Harvard better known throughout the whole Dominion. The club is strongly Canadian in feeling and will probably be no less successful than the other territorial clubs of the university.

Mrs. Wyld of St. George street gave a large dance on Friday evening. We go to press too soon to give a full account in this issue.

Miss Marjorie Campbell expects to visit Ottawa shortly. While there she will be the guest of Speaker and Mrs. Allan.

The officers and members of the Royal Military College Club dined a large number of their friends at the New Fort, on Friday of last week.

Miss Sherwood of Ottawa is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Law of Sherbourne street.

Miss Stella Clarke of Tilsonburg and Miss May Millett of Toronto have returned to the city after being on a two weeks' visit to friends in Owen Sound.

The assembly in aid of the Infants' Home on Friday evening of last week was very successful, though many well-known faces were missing. Rosina Vokes and, in many cases, illness prevented large numbers from attending, though the charming actress spent some time in the Academy after the green curtain at the Grand had fallen, and surprised the managers by a liberal donation to the Infants' Home. Miss Bancker of the Vokes company was also present, and some one whispered, unnecessarily admired. The variously tinted dresses, the bright faces, the swaying forms, music, light and handsome pictures combined to make the dancing-room one of surprising and especial beauty. Ices and light refreshments were served upstairs during the evening, and at midnight the large supper-room was thrown open, displaying a splendidly arranged table. The pretty colored lights and bunting-hung walls, with decorations of palms and ferns, lent double attractiveness to the supper, which was served by Caterer R. J. Lloyd.

The patronesses were Mrs. Ridout, Lady Macpherson, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. A. B. Lee, Mrs. Nixon, Mrs. Osler, Mrs. Williamson, Mrs. McLean Howard, Mrs. Drayton, Mrs. Bunting and Mrs. Rogers, and amongst the lady dancers were noticed Mrs. and the Misses Langtry, Mrs. R. Wadsworth, Mrs. and Miss Torrance, the Misses Kemp, Miss Price of Kingston, the Misses Sullivan, Mrs. L. Wood, Mrs. Swabey and the Misses Swabey, Mrs. Parsons, Miss Gordon, Miss L. Smith, Mrs. Jones of Brockville, Mrs. Roberts, the Misses McDermont, Mrs. James Crother, Miss Christie, Mrs. and the Misses Downes, Miss Bunting, the Misses Lee, Miss Ince, Mrs. McDonald, the Misses Brodie, Mrs. Hines and Miss Hanaford. The stewards, to whom much of the success of the evening was due, were: Messrs. W. H. Cawthra, Wm. Mulock, H. L. Drayton, J. Mont. Lowndes, W. Douglas, Vaux Chadwick, E. B. Hostetter (secretary-treasurer), Alfred Boultbee, H. T. McMillan, Fred H. Gray and A. J. Boyd.

Ottawa is a social lode-stone at present, and a score or so of prominent society faces have been seen in the gay capital of late, and many are now contemplating a "little journey into the world"—of politics.

It will give pleasure to the many friends of Mr. John Heward to learn that his protracted and serious attack of illness is somewhat abated and that he is now in a fair way to recover his wonted strength.

To a young lady in St. Petersburg belongs the distinction of having decided upon *La Grippe's* costume. She wore at a masquerade ball, a dress which gained for her the name of Miss Grippe. It was oriental in design, and was carried out with wonderful originality. The skirt was of silk, and represented a varicolored map of Europe, with Influenza's domains marked in red. Her head-dress was a sort of register for the maiden's admirers and enemies, and bore in dainty characters the names of the physicians who had interviewed her.

For several years it has been customary for the members of Zetland Masonic Lodge to give an At Home to their friends. The cards being exclusively by invitation, have kept their gatherings as select as possible, and each succeeding entertainment appears to be more successful and enjoyable than the last. Owing to the edict of the Grand Master against dancing in halls dedicated to Masonic purposes, Zetland this year was compelled to seek quarters elsewhere. Although the mysterious Masonic devices, so common in their own hall, were not visible, still the Academy of Music presented a brilliant appearance on Friday evening of last week. The following stewards used every endeavor to secure the enjoyment of their guests: R. W. Bro. E. T. Malone, W. Bros. John Fletcher, C. A. B. Brown, H. A. Taylor and Bros. J. T. Matthews, Dr. Thistle, W. C. Meredith, Geo. A. Kapelle, F. W. Flett, W. D. McPherson and James Haywood. W. Bro. H. J. Craig was chairman of the committee, and Capt. Furnival, honorary secretary. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. John Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Henderson and the Misses Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Malone, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. B. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Beard, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Cox, Dr. and Mrs. Britton, Dr. and Mrs. Peaker, Mr. and Miss Morphy, Dr. and Mrs. Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Pingle, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thompson, Capt. and Mrs. Furnival, Col. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Macabe, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. Noel Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Irving, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boeckh, jr., Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Mr. Harry Morse, Messrs. Donaldson, Mr. Fred Barrett, Mr. F. B. Polson, Mr. F. J. Sparling, Mr. Bert Gray. Among the handsome dresses were that of Miss Henderson of Perth, white silk and lace trimmings; Miss Irving, white silk and net, pearl ornaments; Mrs. H. A. Taylor, white silk and yellow brocade, ornaments, diamonds and yellow lilies; Mrs. Fred Cox, blue and silver brocade; Mrs. C. A. B. Brown, view rose silk gauze and moire; Mrs. E. P. Pearson, white embossed velvet *en train;* Miss Annie Henderson, black fish net trimmed with moire ribbons; Miss Morphy, sea green faille and crystal trimmings; Miss Hatch of Whitby, white brocaded silk and natural flowers; Miss Louie Tinning, yellow and white silk and pearls; Mrs. J. E. Rogers, yellow silk gauze and trimmings of yellow roses and ribbons; Miss Marshall, mauve net and violets; Mrs. Henry Thompson, black silk net and handsome bouquet of roses, ornaments diamonds; Mrs. R. B. Hamilton, black silk and jet; Mrs. Garrett looked well in liquid liberty silk, trimmed with narrow ribbons; Mrs. E. A. Fletcher, white silk and blue net.

The promoters of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club ball, which will take place at the Academy of Music on February 12, are bound this year to excel all their former efforts. I hear that Mrs. G. T. Blackstock is composing a waltz which will be first played on this occasion.

Last week a highly interesting chamber concert was given in the hall of the Toronto College of Music, when some trios by Jadassohn and Gade were given for the first time in Canada. Miss Florence Clarke, daughter of Mr. H. E. Clarke, M.P.P., played in Jadassohn's Trio op. 20, a fine work, and Miss Sullivan, in Gade's Trio op. 42, written in this master's best style. Miss Williams also took part in the first movement of Hummell's well-known op. 17. Mr. Torrington and Mr. Leonard Mahr contributed the string parts, playing two numbers from Volkmann and Popper as 'cello solos. Vocal selections were given by Mr. Baguley, Miss Sutherland and Mr. R. J. Hall.

The railway conductors' dance in Shaftesbury Hall last Tuesday was a pleasantly conducted success. The decorations of the hall were well suited to the occasion, for was it not the most natural thing in the world to suspend a row of lanterns showing red, white and green lights? In the ball-room the light fell through delicately tinted shades upon a gay scene of flitting figures and flying feet. The music was very pleasant to dance to, and the supper excellent in every part, and each detail was provided by Harry Webb. Among the prominent railway officials present were: Divisional Superintendent Tait of the C.P.R., Assistant Divisional Superintendents Williams and Leonard and Trackmaster Thompson. The committees were efficient and to their earnest efforts the ball's success is largely due. They were as follows: Committee of arrangements, Messrs. Ed. Williams, J. H. Hall, G. Gallinger, R. A. Purdon, W. A. Coon and J. Morrison; reception committee, Messrs. Chas. Stuart, A. Matthews, R. Devlinn, W. Hassard, J. Carter, A. Little and Charles Story; floor managers, Messrs. John Morrison, W. Hassard and P. McMahon; chairman, Mr. R. A. Purdon; secretary, Mr. Ed. Williams.

A very enjoyable evening was spent on Thursday of last week, at the residence of Mrs. Cummings of Farley avenue. Cards had been issued for an amateur dramatic entertainment and a unique little English comedy, Caste, in three acts, was presented. Of the seven who took part six were members of Mrs. Cummings' household. The audience waxed eloquent over the acting, giving much praise to the well-sustained characters. Refreshments and a programme of a dozen dances concluded this delightful and somewhat novel form of social gaiety.

Miss Maud Carter, a rising young Toronto contralto is finishing her musical education in Boston. Her friends are much pleased with her rapid progress.

On Tuesday evening last a company of ladies and gentlemen, under the direction of Mr. D. E. Cameron, gave an excellent concert at the Central Prison. In fact no better entertainment has ever been held there. Songs were given by Miss Langstaff, Miss Norma Reynolds, Mrs. D. E. Cameron, Mr. E. T. Coates, Mr. W. E. Ramsay and Mr. Cameron. Miss Fleit recited in admirable style H. K. Cockin's fine poem, Gentlemen Dick o' the Greys. Miss Massie, daughter of the warden, accompanied by her sister on the piano, contributed a well-executed solo on the violoncello. The accompaniments were played by Miss Fowler and Mr. G. H. Fairclough. Mr. Ramsay's comic songs brought down the house. Miss Langstaff sustained her high reputation in Daddie and another pretty song. Miss Norma Reynolds, whose voice is a sweet and well trained soprano of good compass, sang Marguerite and a Coaching Song with fine effect. Mrs. Cameron's fine contralto voice was heard to advantage in Love's Old Sweet Song. Mr. Coates sang Jude's Skipper, and as encore gave Big Ben. Mr. Cameron sang A Dear Spot in Ireland and The Tar's Farewell, the former being received with special favor. The hearty applause that greeted Warden Massie's words of thanks at the close showed that the 400 "boys in grey" were highly pleased with the entertainment.

I notice that the Toronto Canoe Club are to hold an At Home on February 13, from which we may conclude that canoeists are coming to the front as ladies' men, and are not quite the selfish, fond-of-their-own-society men that some people characterize them. They have secured the spacious reception rooms of the Academy of Music, and judging from the names we notice on the committee of management, and the reputation that canoeists have for making a success of whatever they undertake, their At Home promises to be one of the events of the season.

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Toreador Waltz—T. P. So la..... 50c
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New Songs

The Sailors' Dance, Eb and F—J. L. Molloy..... 50c
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There are various articles still remaining unclaimed at Government House since the recent Ball, which can be obtained by applying at the office

Boudoir Gossip.

I counted eleven women, who wore their hats on their laps, at the Saturday matinee. They looked far more comfortable, and the pretty golden heads and becomingly disposed dark tresses were pleasant to look at. In front of me a young girl sat. She wore a shirred velvet hat, trimmed with plumes, and when Rosina Vokes' little slippered feet twinkled behind that hat, why—nothing—only I certainly did not see them. Beside me two girls with enormous beavers were the cause of much annoyance to a lady behind. Presently she leaned forward and asked one of them if she would remove her hat. The hat was at once taken off. I listened and chuckled. There was an idea! I leaned forward to ask that the shirred velvet might go down, but reconsidering the matter, I sat still and suffered.

Leaving the Opera House, I heard some sentimental youth call his best girl's attention to the "sea of hats" which "surged," I presume, beneath his gaze. It did not soothe my ruffled spirits, but I wished with all my heart that big hats would undulate only in the entrances. It is wicked to wear acres of velvet for people to look over, peep under and glance around, and if we carry the "responsibility" idea to a great length, the big hat's wearer was responsible for the presence of a slang phrase which trotted about in my mind. There was a mixture of impatience and amusement in the various inflections with which I thought—whence did you procure that chapeau?

•

Dame Fashion asserts authoritatively that the new woolen goods will have fringes woven on them. They are called suitings, and are in plaids, checks and stripes, often in shades of self-color, sometimes in contrasting ones.

Cashmere pattern dresses have braiding and cording woven in, not sewed on, the skirt panel and bodice front.

Polka dots will be found on many of the light woolens for young girls' spring gowns.

Flower dresses are a little new, in the matter of ball gowns. A buttercup dress is of yellow tulle caught up with buttercups. A vest of the gold-hued flowers is set in the bodice, and a half wreath is worn in the hair.

This dainty little bonnet was worn at the theater recently. The crown was of gold gauze in pretty soft folds, and the brim was half-defined by carelessly-draped velvet of a rich purple shade. The narrow strings were of purple, fastened with a pretty single-looped bow, and a diamond pin thrust through it carried its changeful fire directly into the right corner of my left eye.

Black satin damasked with single blossoms, such as red clover, daisies, violets or buttercups, is the latest silken material for the long, tight-fitting redingotes.

At the Sandringham ball given by the Princess of Wales, Lady Randolph wore a marvelous dress of gold hued satin, veiled with gauze. The open-meshed gauze was woven of bullion threads, and was a delightful shimmer of golden light. Speaking of tulle-draped dresses I think of the one worn by Rosina Vokes in My Milliner's Bill. It was a much-admired dress and, perhaps, its especial claim to favor was the fact that the skirt was tulle over silk with flounced tulle foot trimming, and brocade drapery. The usual order was thus reversed, and as the brocade and tulle tangled off into a fearfully and wonderfully made train one could not help thinking that the dress was beautiful, and in the next minute wondering what there was nice about it.

"Can every one wear black?" is the title of an article in a New York paper. Patti couldn't, and that was why she changed the color of her hair. My own opinion is that the majority of people look well in black. The material has, however, a great deal to do with the becomingness of the sombre hue. Satin increases the size, cashmere reveals every line, causing the owner of a perfect figure to perform before a mirror a series of little pantomimes to an audience of one. To the ungraceful form, black cashmere, plainly made, is a delusion. It can, however, be slightly draped, and then it goes to an opposite extreme and suggests in its concealing a splendid figure. Velvet in black is almost universally becoming, and the stout woman who cannot wear black satin, carries herself regally in a velvet gown.

Some writer recently denounced the "insane habit" of bringing together in house-furnishings or dress the belongings of different ages. But why not? If a silk of to-day, dull, yet suggestive of richness in its very folds, be trimmed with the oldest lace in the world, is it not likely to be a beautiful gown? And wouldn't you like to have it, my friend of the scoffing pen?

•

Canadian girls, gather round me while I tell you something. You are attracting the attention of the envious Yankee as to the way you hold your muffs. In the Detroit *Free Press* we read: "The Canadian girls are adepts in carrying a muff. They can use their hands, their shoulders and skate or toboggan with equal ease with this adjunct to a fur suit." Let us be thankful for three things—that it is true, that the Yankee man acknowledged it, and that he didn't happen ever to see the muff-waggers whom I mentioned last week.

•

"The latest device of girlhood is a fancy for stuffing pillows with old love-letters." That sentence caught my attention, and I reflected for, possibly, three-quarters of a minute. What an idea! Some parts of the pillow would let one's head right down to the other side—so soft; and the part where Hezekiah upbraided you for flirting, would make a big bump under one ear. Oh, no! don't you do it, girls. It wouldn't be a comfortable pillow at all. And, besides, love-letters are so much safer when they are in—ashes.

•

Did you ever keep a diary? I have a record of all the delights and dumps of my life, since I was eighteen, and I have quite a few books filled. Such a splendid idea to write down one's bubbling confidences in black ink, and then laugh at one's self. To be sure it brings the silly side of gushing uppermost; but then, think, diaries won't tell—if you keep them under lock and key. If you do not lock them, of course it's your heart that is lying around, and I wouldn't allow that if I were you. It is a great convenience and a comfort with a capital C, to be able to pour all one's woes and joys into the ears of the "calf-skin confidante."

CLIP CAREW.

Church Talks.

The Metropolitan Church was crowded on Sunday morning to hear Rev. Anna Shaw preach. Of course it is a novelty for a woman to sermonize—in the pulpit; but if she can do it, and wants to, why should she not?

The solo sung at the conclusion of the bible reading was an especially good one, rendered in an especially attractive voice. My eyes rested on a triangular pane of amethyst-colored glass, surrounded by circular topaz tinted ones. It was the prettiest combination of color in the four windows and, sitting in the gallery, I could see them all. Eyes and ears were delighted, and I wished that the anthem might go on, although I was anxious to see and hear Mrs. Shaw.

When she came forward I saw a short stout woman with plainly-dressed iron-gray hair, sharp dark eyes, and a pleasing facial expression. Her voice is strong but not sweet, and the rather high pitch and flattened vowel-sounds intruded upon an otherwise graceful delivery.

Mrs. Shaw's text was taken from Acts xxvi. 19, and she dwelt upon the necessity of a vision being present in each mind to incite one to work in the present for some special future.

Her allusion to the boys and girls who scribbled on the sand near her sea-board home was rather hard on the girls. She said that she had often watched them write, and while the feminine portion wrote sentimental nothings, the men that were to be, fired with ambition wrote their names adding the title "Master." They wanted to be masters of vessels, and the vision prompted the act.

My idea is that men's visions very often lead to sentimentally-written rubbish, and I can not believe that Mrs. Shaw meant to create such a rising ripple of risibility as that which greeted her announcement.

For one thing I admired Mrs. Shaw's tact. In only two instances did she allude to Women's Rights, and in those very indirectly.

When she said that society had about finished the consideration of the question as to whether a man alone had a soul or if one belonged also to a woman, there was a little tinge of scorn which, though partly hidden under the exaggeration, yet made itself palpably present.

In another connection she spoke of the possibilities of greatness being achieved by a woman now, when in past times her efforts to widen her influence were retarded by public opinion.

Mrs. Shaw dwelt upon the disappointment which comes so surely to those who expect the Christian's life to be an entirely new one. The happiest touch in the whole address was the decisive yet tender way in which she alluded to the life brightened and changed by the vision, as "not a new life, but the old life made new."

Strength came forward in the assertion that the task performed with bitter moaning and cries against poverty and hardship, was a very different task from the one in which contented hands worked, because it was laid before them by one they trusted.

Altogether I liked Mrs. Shaw's sermon. It bespoke much tenderness of feeling and it put forth an earnest plea for trust and content in all life's happenings. Those two ingredients of happiness are the most necessary ones and, too, the most difficult to acquire.

ETELKA.

A Phenomenon

Gilbey (as he wades through a stray mortar bed)—Greash Scott! Who'd thought—hic—it'd snowed so hard in thish—hic—one spot!—*Life.*

Where His Equals Were Found.

"Prisoner," said the judge to a very disreputable citizen who was brought in by the bailiff, "you are to have the privilege of being tried by a jury of your peers."

"Does that mean my equals, judge?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't do it, judge. Ye can't get 'em nowheres without sendin' back the van to the jail for another load of prisoners."—*Merchant Traveler.*

The Life of a Stoker.

The stokers on one of the great ocean steamers work four hours at a stretch in a temperature ranging from 120° to 100°. The quarters are close, and they must take care that, while feeding one furnace, their arms are not burned on the one behind them. Ventilation is furnished through a shaft reaching down to the middle of their quarters. Each stoker tends four furnaces, spending perhaps two or three minutes at each; then dashes to the air pipe to take his turn at cooling off, and waits for another call to his furnaces. When the watch is over the men go perspiring through long, cold passages to the forecastle, where they turn in for eight hours. One man, 38 years old, who was interviewed by a reporter, had been employed at the furnaces since he was 14 years old. He weighed 180 pounds, and was ruddy and seemingly happy. He confessed that the work was terribly hard, but it came hardest on those who did not follow it regularly.

"But if we get plenty to eat," he said, "and take care of ourselves, we are right. Here's a mate of mine nearly 70 years old, who has been a stoker all his life, and can do as good work as I can. Stokers never have the consumption, and rarely catch cold. Their grog has been knocked off on the English and American lines, because the men got drunk too often, and the grog did them much harm. When I used to take my grog I'd work just like a lion while the effect lasted. I'd throw in my coal just like a giant, and not mind the heat a bit, but when it worked off, as it did in a very few minutes I was that weak that a child could upset me. Take a man dead drunk before the fires, and the heat would sober him off or give him a stroke of apoplexy."

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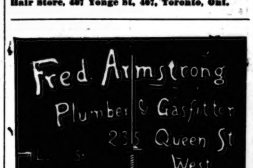

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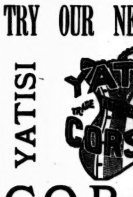

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By the Author of SWEET ANNA GREYSON, Etc.

"It will last my time—I tell you it will last my time," said Squire Hall, lately; "and, even if it would not, I am not going to spend a lot of money on restoring the place! I have no son to come after me, or it might be different. Judith would prefer her inheritance in hard cash."

"Judith ought to have been a boy," grumbled Mrs. Hall, tearfully. "She is a disgrace to her sex, hunting and flying all over the country. She is twice as much a lord of creation as—as the good lady checked herself in time to avoid been on the point of saying "as you are," but substituted—"as my brothers are."

Squire Hall struck the ground angrily with his walking-stick.

"Madam," he exclaimed, reprovingly, "do not talk foolishly! Judith is one of the most lovable of girls. What if she is a little fond of life and rather wild in her movements? It's all harmless—her heart is good enough. She'll make a splendid match, and Lord Slater is smitten with her. She is such a daring rider, you see—afraid of nothing! Last Tuesday, when the Dottesmore hounds were out, her horse took a dyke that none other dared attempt. One by one the riders took another route; but Judith rode up, her cheeks like roses, her curls flying about her shoulders. She patted Sultan caressingly and whispered a soothing word in his ear; then, setting her lips, they took the dyke as easily as if it had been child's play. She was applauded, I can tell you, and I was proud enough of her then."

"That I'll be bound you were!" answered Mrs. Hall. "You'll ruin the girl! All our money is to be saved for her. Our house may fall to pieces over our heads, our gardens and fences be neglected, and the dignified life of living be the talk of the county, but all is right so long as you are saving for Judith. She will never accept Lord Slater if he proposes—a poor penniless nobleman!"

"Who says she won't?" demanded the Squire indignantly.

"I say so," answered his wife.

"You! Pooh! On what authority?"

"My own. Judith does not care for him; and she will never marry one she does not like, any more than she will do a thing she does not want to do!"

"Fool—idiot—you talk like a silly woman!" shouted Squire Hall, in a passion. "Who asked her to like him! What has that to do with it? She'll be 'my lady' if he marries her—and that's what I've scraped and toiled for. My money will enrich them, and—and she shall marry him. I'll make her! Now what say you?"

Mrs. Hall was too wise to venture on further dissent, but she knew that nobody under the sun could compel Judith to act against her own wishes. "Like father, like daughter," she often declared; they were two of the most headstrong and wayward people she knew, and, if one was worse than the other, it was Judith. If ever there should be a contest between them, it would be war to the knife—but the father would have to give way.

"Ay, I see you know my power," remarked Mr. Hall, cooling down. "Judith will have to learn to bow under in this."

The squire and his wife were out walking in the neglected gardens of Fyfield Hall. Turning an angle in the path, they met a young girl of some eighteen or nineteen years, coming towards them. She was tall and lithe, and the expression of her face and the firmness of her tread showed that she was accustomed to command; she held her head proudly erect, and yet there was an air of reckless abandonment about her. Rosy-cheeked, and bright-eyed, she was, if not exactly pretty, far from being a plain girl. Health and freshness shone in her face, and these, combined with a natural youthful grace, gave her an attractive appearance.

"What have you got bunched up in your dress in that harum-scarum style?" asked Mrs. Hall, fretfully.

"It's only a chicken. The mother is a clumsy Dorking, and keeps knocking it down; so, poor thing, as its life is endangered by itself, I am going to put it with Merryfeather and her eleven chicks."

"You are such a contradiction," murmured Mrs. Hall—"so masterful and wayward, and yet so simple over nothing!"

"My being fearless need not render me heartless. Oh, father"—turning suddenly to the Squire—"Sultan is lame, and I am so annoyed about it! I am going to see John Burton—they say he is somewhat better, I was the best speculation that I ever went in for."

"It was," assented Judith, unsuspiciously. "But I'm off! Don't wait dinner for me! I shall bring John Burton back if I wait for him until midnight."

"Send Isaac, I say, Judy!" reiterated her father.

"Not I! He has been twice already this morning, and come back each time with an unsatisfactory tale. You know, if you want a thing done well, the best way is to do it yourself."

So Judith, without waiting for further objections, walked off to Crofthy Farm. There had been much rain, and the mud was thick in the lanes; but, though she had considerable difficulty in making her way, she did not mind. In crossing a field to Mr. Burton's small dwelling-place she saw a lamb fixed in a slough. It was not her business to meddle with it, and she might have passed on unheedingly; but it was her custom to aid everything she found in distress. After much tugging, pulling and pushing, she succeeded in helping the poor creature out.

"You did that well," said John Burton, meeting her at the back-door of the farmhouse, whither she had gone, it being the nearest.

"Did what well?" she inquired, amazed at such a singular greeting.

"I saw it myself," he went on, nodding in the direction of the field, "and should have gone to it in a couple of minutes; but I'm churning. Please come in, Miss Hall, or I shall have to leave you where you are—I have no one here to help me. You did as bravely in saving that lamb as many laborers could have done—better than some."

Judith smiled; she did not care for praise.

"I want you to return to the house with me," she said. "Isaac has been twice, but you sent word that you were too busy."

"So I was; I have this morning to do, a pot of potatoes to boil, some swedes to——"

"Stay!" interrupted Judith. "I will take your place at the churn, and then you can hurry on with your other work. Go back with me you must. My horse, which I love better than my life, is lame, and you must cure it."

John Burton exerted himself on seeing Judith's energy. She worked with a will, and made the butter, while he performed his task in an incredibly short space of time, and was then ready to start.

"You would make a splendid farmer's wife," he remarked ad niringly, as he locked the house door behind him.

"Is this a pear tree?" she inquired evasively.

"It is. It grows rather close to that back-window, but I haven't the heart to cut it down—it bears such delicious fruit."

"You would be very foolish to remove it then," she observed.

They walked along quietly after this, Judith having no provision of what that pear-tree would be the means of doing for her at a future time.

"Lord Slater has been here to see you, Judy," said Squire Hall proudly, on his daughter's return home. "He is coming again."

"To see me!" exclaimed Judy, in surprise. "He has no need to do that. Father, Sultan is very lame; John Burton is glad he saw it at once."

The days passed by, Sultan was cured, and Judith was full of gratitude to his healer. Lord Slater kept on calling, Judith always refusing to put herself out of the way to see him. The Squire began to feel very angry, and at last the bomb-shell burst.

Smarting with the knowledge that he was being avoided, and anxious to secure the Squire's money, Lord Slater at last proposed. Had an earthquake suddenly taken place, Judith could not have been more surprised.

"Is that what he has been pestering me for?" she exclaimed. "Oh, no, thanks—I could never be Lord Slater's wife! Why, he is a greater dolt than Isaac!"

The Squire raved and stormed. Mrs. Hall cried, and besought her daughter to put an end to the strife.

Lord Slater went down upon his knees and implored, but all to no purpose—Judith remained immovably calm. If she felt any perturbation, she never showed it, and, whenever a cloud did rest on her brow, a good canter on Sultan soon cleared it away; a gallop over the fields and on to the Dallerby Hills, regardless of rain or storm, and then she will ride home, and she was her fearless self again, as strong as ever in her determination not to wed Lord Slater.

"I can put up with anything, even father's anger and mother's tears, with you, Sultan!" she would say, throwing her arms lovingly round the beautiful creature's neck and kissing him.

He seemed to understand her words, snorting and pawing the ground in acknowledgment of her caresses.

The thoroughbred however was not so healthy and strong as he looked. Again he was taken ill, and this time the wind was broken.

"John Burton must be sent for!" declared Judith.

She did not go herself this time, because John had promised that, if ever his help was needed again, he would come directly she sent for him.

"You have been very careless of your favorite," was the candid verdict of the self-constituted "vet." "You have ridden him far and fast, and the consequence is that he has a violent cold! Inflammation has set in, and—"

"He will not die! Oh, tell me he will not die!" cried Judith wildly.

"I do not know," replied John; "I will stay here and do my best. May I have Isaac to get hot water and bran?"

"Anything! Every one in the house is at your command! Oh, Mr. Burton, save my horse at any cost!"

"All that can be done I will do—don't fear; but, if my efforts are unavailing—— You understand?"

She did, and she saw that John Burton had not much hope. Tears rolled down her cheeks—tears such as she had never shed before.

"If Sultan dies," she sobbed, "I shall marry Lord Slater. Father cannot blame me for this illness, because I have always seen that he had a rug put over him, and have personally looked after him."

"Don't grieve," said John Burton, cheerfully; "and, if I can help it, you shall never marry Lord Slater!"

That night the young farmer sat up with Sultan, giving incessant attention to his charge, and the result was that the horse recovered. Judith's gratitude was boundless. She took John Burton's hand and shook it warmly, and there was a strange new light in her eyes which no one had ever seen before. The squire noticed it, as he happened to be going by, and he declared afterwards that he would not have "that low Burton fellow" on the premises again.

"But he is not a low fellow," said Judith stoutly. "His father is a lawyer with a lot of money. He could give this one only a certain sum to start farming with, because John Burton insisted on being a farmer instead of following the law. Several bad seasons nearly ruined him; and he bravely took this small farm, intending to work his way upwards."

"Don't let his face be seen on my premises again," roared the squire; "I'm sorry he may be! And now, Miss Hall, when are you going to accept Lord Slater?"

"Never, never—ten thousand times, never!"

"You shall!"—"I vow I will not!"

"I'll cut you off with a shilling!"

"Do what you would, for then Lord Slater would soon disappear."

"Get out of my sight, undutiful child, until you regain your senses!"

For weeks afterwards Judith avoided her father; they rarely met, and never spoke to each other. The girl began to grow pale under the misery of her situation. The squire himself was struck by the fact when she sought his presence one day.

"Judy has come to her right mind," he thought, gladly, "but it has been hard work for her to give in. I will repay her for the sacrifice, however—she shall be a wealthy woman, and 'my lady,' too!"

Judith's face was deathly pale, and she trembled violently as she began—

"I have been out riding and—and have had an accident."

The squire's fears were aroused immediately, for, notwithstanding his harsh treatment, he dearly loved his child.

"You are not hurt!" he gasped. "Judy, speak quickly!"

"Would that I were!" she replied. "Maiming myself would have been a more satisfactory day's work. No, father; in clearing a hedge my horse kicked John Burton, who happened, unknown to me, to be working on the other side."

"He should have kept out of the way. It was his fault, not yours!" declared the Squire, his heart hardening. "Is that all you wanted me for?"

"John Burton is very much hurt," she went on hurriedly, "and was carried home on a hurdle insensible. They cannot tell yet whether his head was injured. Outwardly there is no injury, but he is lying unconscious. Father, I hurt him; and I wish you to send our medical man, at our expense."

"I should think so indeed!" retorted the squire scornfully. "Let the fellow die—it's the fate of all some time!"

"Then, father, if you refuse my request, I shall marry John Burton. He saved my Sultan's life; and the least I can do is to nurse him, after I have injured him, and save his."

Mr. Hall laughed incredulously, which roused Judith's anger.

"I mean what I say," she declared; and her tone was so earnest that her father grew uneasy.

"Do so at your peril!" he roared. "I will disinherit you—cut you off with a shilling, and—"

"Stay!" she interrupted, recovering her old courage and audacity, which had left her since the accident. "Cut me off with a farthing if you choose; you threatened to do so because I would not have Lord Slater, so I shall be no worse off as John's wife than if I remain single. He loves me, I think; and, if I don't love him, I like him fairly well. Besides, I should like to be a farmer's wife—it would suit my time."

An hour later Judith Hall stood by John Burton's side. He was conscious but in great pain, and the doctor had discovered that it was the knee, luckily, and not the head, that had been injured.

"May I come and nurse you!" asked Judith, bending over him.

"Would you do me that honor!" he asked, a smile lighting up his face.

Judith looked round the room; they were alone.

"I will do more for you if you will let me. John, will you make me your wife?"

In his intense delight he would have sprung up from the bed, but the pain in his knee restrained him; and then he remembered that the house and its surroundings were too poor for her. No—he would not be selfish; and so, almost groaning, he said nobly—

"Thank you very much, but I cannot accept so great a sacrifice."

"There is none," she answered simply. "I wish to belong to you—I am indebted to you; and now, too add to my obligations, I have accidentally maimed you. Have you forgotten"—with a smile—"that you promised to make a good farmer's wife? And I believe I should."

"You do not mean that you will really give up position and fortune to be my beloved wife?" he asked excitedly.

"Indeed I do," she replied; "but, as you cannot go to the church, I will ask the clergyman to come and marry us here. We will obtain a license, so that there may be as little delay as possible."

Shortly afterwards they were married. When Judith sent word to tell her parents of the fact, her father returned her a dreadful message, and ordered her never to darken his doors again. Her clothes were sent to her, but nothing was said about Sultan. Judith, however, was equal to the occasion. A stable was prepared for the beautiful animal, and she herself went over to Fyfield Hall to fetch him.

"You must not go near Sultan, Miss Judith," said Isaac, touching his hat respectfully. "The squire's orders were as he'd turn any man from the place as allowed you on the premises."

"Then get out of the way, and see nothing!" retorted Judith.

"But you'll take Sultan," demurred the man.

"I will. He's mine, and I mean to have him; locks, bolts, and bars will be no impediment to me!"

Isaac, who knew that his young mistress had a will of her own, thought discretion the better part of valor, and ambled off as quickly as he could.

Judith ran into the stable, where she was greeted with a loud neighing from Sultan, who insisted on rubbing his head against her hand. Saddling him herself, she sprang upon his back, and a few minutes he had carried her to his new home.

Judith's "mad marriage," as it was called, was the principal topic of conversation at many an evening party; but that did not trouble John Burton's wife. She would have liked to be on friendly terms with her parents; but she determined to be patient, believing that "all things come to those who wait." Meanwhile she set to with a will and learned as much of farming work as she could. And it was wonderful what a head for business she had, and found her advice invaluable, and things began to prosper with them. No one churned such good butter as Judith, and she was inundated with customers. By-and-bye she had to keep three dairy-maids, but she always sold her produce herself. She and her horse Sultan were known everywhere.

Time went on, but still Judith had never once spoke to her parents since her marriage. It was the opinion of her husband that she was not otherwise have been intensely sweet. It had long been a wonder to both her and John that the squire had not been in a rage at the Crofthy Farm; and, when their stock increased and they wished to add an adjoining piece of land to it, they hesitated about asking for it, fearing a refusal. At last, however, Judith arrived at a decision.

"Go boldly and ask my father yourself, John," she advised. "We will pay dearly for it, like other people—why should we mind asking? I think he will let you have it."

John Burton went, and smilingly—indeed he would not have gone on such an errand for any one but Judith. He came limping back joyfully to tell his wife the good news.

"He says we may have it. He considers me as good a tenant as he has ever had. No, Judith"—in answer to her inquiring look—"he never asked after you; and I did not see Mrs. Hall."

They enlarged their house, and Judith furnished a comfortable dining-room. One afternoon she was kept late in the town, waiting for one of her quarterly customers, who owed her a considerable sum of money. When she had received this she prepared to ride home.

"Are you not afraid to venture on a dark road on such a night as this?" inquired the landlord, as she mounted Sultan. "There are queer tales of robbers about."

"Not with such a faithful creature as this," replied Judith, patting her horse's neck—"he would save me."

In a very lonely part of the road she passed two suspicious-looking characters; but she reached home safely, and found her husband sitting by the fire.

"You look ill, John," she remarked kindly. "Perhaps I kept you waiting to long for your tea?"

"My knee is very bad," he replied. "Judith, my father and George have been over."

"That is well. We shall be worth knowing now we are growing rich. I am sorry about your knee though. What shall we do about the money? You cannot bank it to-morrow."

"But you can."

Judith shook her head, and declared she should be to busy.

Two days later was Hobbledon fair, and Judith's maids had asked for a holiday. As they were going to friends in the town, she had given them permission to remain there all night. Dunsleton, Mr. Burton's right-hand man, was also away; so it happened that Judith and her husband were left alone in the house. John required a great deal of waiting on, owing to his swelling in his knee; several times she poulticed it; and shortly after ten o'clock they went to bed, he leaning on her shoulder and limping painfully.

"Have you made all the doors fast?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" she answered, laughing. "This reminds me of our first year of married life, John—only our two selves to take care of."

"Ay; but the house was smaller, and there was no money in it then. I wish we had put that cash away—it is nearly five hundred pounds!"

"Where is it?" she asked.

"In an old stocking under the mattress," he answered.

"Nobody can take it from there," she said, reassuring. "We are safe enough.

But, when she found, by her husband's steady breathing, that he was asleep, she began to think how unprotected she was. If they were attacked, there was no house nearer than a wayside inn nearly half a mile off. But no one would attack them. Hush! What was that? Were her fears rendering her nervous? That it was again! She sat up in bed and listened. Surely some one was trying to get into the house! And they were not very quiet about it, for she could hear their voices plainly. She crept out of bed and listened.

"Only a woman; and we can soon settle her. I tell ye, Mr. Burton is—"

She did not wait to hear more, but went back quietly to the bed and waked John.

"Hush—not a word!" she whispered. "There are men breaking into the house. You cannot go for help—I must; but first let me leave you safe. If we only had a pistol, you might have fired; but we will defeat them yet—trust to me!"

Her courage was marvelous, and it revived John Burton's spirits, for at first he had groaned at his powerlessness to help.

"I am but a log just now with my unfortunate knee, yet—"

Before he could utter another word she had put a blanket round him, and, almost carrying him in her arms, was hurrying him towards a lumber-room. Placing him behind a lot of boxes and lumber, she threw some more clothing and heaped it upon him. Then, quietly locking the lumber-room door on the inside, she put the key into her pocket, and opening the window, crept out cautiously. It was the window that the pear tree sheltered. She neither saw nor heard any one, and the moon was shining brightly. Holding her breath, she prepared to get on to the window sill. John would have stopped her, but, after one rain attempt, he was forced to give way to her, knowing that her will was law to him.

"It is our only chance of escape," she said, in a low tone. "They shall not catch me alive—I can run with the best."

John's hand would have been a great help to her in her descent by the pear-tree, but she managed to do without it. Half way down, her heart almost misgave her, for one of the men came round the corner of the house to see that all was right; but fortunately he did not look up to the pear tree and the open window. Strong as her nerves were, this incident disturbed her more than she could have thought possible. She trembled excessively, and was obliged to pause for some moments. The grating of a "jemmy" sounding from the front of the house told her that the men were once more together, trying to break in; and she pursued her way hurriedly.

There was not a moment to spare. Recognizing this, and being fully aware of her danger, she stood still nevertheless for quite a minute after her feet were on the ground before she moved onwards. The noises in the front of the house ceasing nerved her to start on her perilous journey, and she ran for her life.

About twenty minutes later Judith rushed into the bar-room at the Angel Inn. A sorry figure she looked, with the few clothes she had contrived to throw on and a shawl over her head. Being fair-time, there was an unusually large number of men collected together. Each one looked up uncomfortably, expecting to find that the woman half hidden by the shawl was his angry wife come to fetch him, but, when they found that it was Mrs. Burton, they all listened to what she said with the greatest respect.

"Breaking into your house? Audacious robbers!" ejaculated the landlord. "But where is Sultan, Mrs. Burton? He would have been invaluable now."

"I dared not wait to bring him," she said. "Hurry, please, or my husband may be murdered and the money taken!"

"You should not have left the cash," observed one man. "But see—there is a dog-cart driving off to your assistance, and the men that can't ride will walk. How are you going, madam? Will you follow or stay here?"

She was about to declare her intention of walking too, when a gentleman came forward and said:

"I am driving that way, and can give you a seat in my carriage;" so she accepted his kind offer.

By the time she reached the farmhouse again the men were captured, with the money on them. They were tried at the next assizes and received long sentences. It was found to be desperate villains whom the police had been searching for.

Squire Hall was so elated at his daughter's bravery that he walked over to the farm the next day, and became reconciled to Judith and her husband—indeed he would have made them return with him to Fyfield Hall, but John and Judith's knee was so much worse that they preferred postponing their visit for a few days.

"I do not know, Judith, that you have not done better in taking your own way and accepting John Burton," observe the squire; "but I have suffered no end of misery for my pigheadedness in the matter, and so has your mother."

"Ah," exclaimed Judith, "and I also have suffered for the same reason; I ought to have coaxed you more. Let us learn a lesson from it, and try to be more patient and forbearing in the future. I am truly thankful for last night's incident if it has reconciled us again. Now, father, stay and have a pipe with John while I run home and see mother."

Squire Hall accepted the invitation; and, when Judith returned with Mrs. Hall, it pleased her greatly to see how well the father and his son-in-law were getting on together.

"Your husband is a cousin to the Burtons of Corby, I learn, Judith," said Mr. Hall proudly "Some of our grandest neighbors. Who would have thought it?"

"And he is not an impecunious nobleman, like Lord Slater, going through the Bankruptcy Court," whispered Judith.

"No, indeed!" returned the Squire. "It is a great comfort to me to know that in leaving my money to you Judith it will not be made ducks and drakes of."

"We shall want no money," spoke up John Burton proudly. "Through my noble wife's industry and good management we are independent, and through her undaunted courage we are now a happy family. My wife's good health! Three cheers for Mrs. Burton's bravery!"

The Squire joined in the toast, and added:

"A little more money never comes amiss—does it, mother?—and Judith of course will have all that is ours. Meanwhile here is success to John Burton, and through him to our darling child!"

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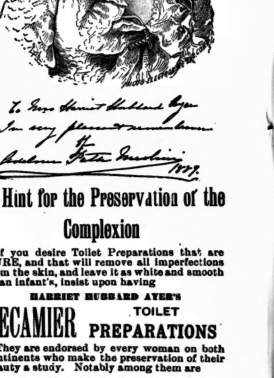

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Nace.

BY ELIZABETH BISLAND.

"Nace! yo' Nace; Yo' git dat pan, an go git me some chips fer dish yer fish, boy." Silence.

"Yo' heah me, niggah?"

No answer.

"Yo' rake yo' han's outen dat dough, boy, an go git me dem chips 'fo' I bus' yer wide. Yo' heah me talkin' ter yer!"

This with growing asperity, and Aunt Patsey began to wipe her hands on her apron, and glance about inquiringly for a handy bit of shingle. Nace was learned in times and seasons. He knew the exact point at which obedience might be deferred, and the important moment when it became the better part of valor. Slouching sulkily over to the hearstove, he pulled out from under it the battered, rusty, old milk-pan that served as a chip basket, and crawled reluctantly away, licking his little pink-lined black paws that were yellow and sticky with cake dough. His heart was filled with the impotent wrath of balked desire, and as he dragged his heels along the ground toward the wood-pile, he mumbled anathemas to himself upon his maternal parent, in which the only articulate statement that appeared conveyed the impression that he considered her to have reached a point of meanness that no "ol' yaller hound" of the most abject description could ever hope to rival. He felt it was very hard to be sent for chips just when Miss Jane had given him the cake bowl to scrape. A methodly instinct with his mother's eccentricities made him reasonably sure that she would have dashed hot water into the bowl before his return, and have spoiled all those delectable mouthfuls he was thriftily reserving for the last.

Miss Jane's kitchen was a pleasant place at Christmas time. It was connected with the house by a long covered passageway; it was long and low, with a brick floor, and dim mysterious shadows amid the rafters where bunches of herbs and strings of red peppers hung, and above which yawned the lofty pointed roof, black with the smoke of the baked meats of the many generations of Throckmortons. Time had softened the tint of the whitewashed walls to a dull and pleasing yellow, intersperced here and there with a red gleam of an exposed brick where Aunt Patsey was wont to casually sharpen the kitchen knives—shirra! shirra!—back and forth. A tall dresser glittered with tin and in the cool dark pool of the brass bound cedar bucket swam a crook-handled drinking gourd. The deep windows looked out on a green slope shaded with China trees, which cast vibrant, lace leaved shadows in spring, loaded the air with intolerable sweetness at blossom time, furnished Nace with ammunition for his pop-gun with their hard green bullets in summer, and in winter reduced the intoxication with their depenned fruit thoseerstwhile prohibitionists the robins. At the foot of the slope was the wood-pile where Nace went for chips. Besides the stove there was a great open fireplace with a crane, where soup pots bubbled, potatoes roasted, and where at this moment a Dutch oven stood on the hearth, in which the Christmas cake was baking, and whose top Nace himself had heaped with live coals.

For weeks the kitchen had been suffused with warm, spicy odors, arising from the cakes and comfits Miss Jane and Aunt Patsey were preparing for the usual Christmas gathering of the Throckmorton clan, and the return of the boys from school. Nace had made up his mind not to be naughty once during the entire holidays. In anticipation of the infinite delights of having Marse Torm and Marse Chawley home again, he had sat up night after night in the leaping firelight of Aunt Patsey's cabin, busily fashioning for their benefit a red bird trap, which was to be a triumph of art, but which had a most disheartening way of falling to pieces just as it reached completion. He had given his small help in the cooking too, watching over the currants drying in the sun, and with a clean apron tied under his chin, and his hands diligently scoured with brown soap, had sliced citron for the great cake. As a reward of merit, many bits of pastry and sugar, and the privilege of scraping the cake bowl, had fallen to his share. An excess of cake dough, however, is not conducive to virtue, and the African sunniness of his temper was suffering eclipse. He was fast reaching that point where his mother was wont to darkly confide to her pots and pans, but loud enough for him to hear, that "Dat boy wuz des sufferin' fer a good killin' beatin', and wuts mo', he wuz gettin' ter git it." And would add, warningly, "Yo' better mind, Nace! I'm gwine ter have a switch off'n der tree for you 'fo' night." Then the dark clouds would settle down and overshadow him; there would be thunder and lightning and a rain of tears from a little crumpled, sobbing heap of darky in some dim corner of the kitchen; from which he would finally emerge brighter than ever, going willingly for chips, slapping his small bare feet on the floor and banging the old tin pan against his legs, and sweetly singing, with sharp pauses and deep accentuations, one of his favorite songs:

"Er never—wus yet—er boy—er man,
Er pot—er er kettle—er dish—or er pan
Te—ttle! Te—ttle!
Che—bang! Che—bang!"

The signification of which was dark to all save himself But to-day no melody cheered his lonely way to the wood pile. He shoved the pan down on the chips, and sat down himself on the old knotted log which no one could split, but which he himself was given to hacking hopefully and futilely at intervals during special expositions of industry and usefulness.

"Er ain' gwine ter git no chips," he mumbled, crossly, kicking his heels about. "Un tiah'd er gittin' chips; er gits chips 'bout forty 'leven times ev'y single day, en er ain' goin' ter git nare 'nother one—no dah! En maw kin beat clean twell she gits tl'ed, en er ain' gwine ter git nare 'nother chip."

He asserted this with the reckless emphasis of present impunity; but as he meditated upon the reasonable certainty of the defied infliction, his heart swelled with bitter and impotent wrath.

"Er don' care. Maw's meaner'n er ol' yaller dawg. She's er ol' brin'le mule. She's er ol' one-legged elerfunt!"—with impassioned culmination of invective.

Just at this moment there was a rustle in the wood-pile. It might be a wren; it might even be a ground-squirrel. Nace had a theory that by an exquisite excess of caution and deliberation he would one day wound and capture one of these denizens of the wood pile. He fell on his knees, and peered carefully in the dark, sweet-scented depths of the rough heaped logs. Then he felt silently about for a big chip, poised it with elaborate pains, and flung it strenuously. There was a whisk of a striped tail, and an instant later only a solitary little negro occupied the wood-pile. The next object that caught his attention was a flexible green branch still adhering to a log.

"Lawdy! wouldn dish yer make er nice whip!"

Whips were the ideis of his youthful affections. Sometimes when he was very good Uncle Huff, the coachman, permitted him to pop the lash of his long plaited rawhide. When he grew older he was to have a similar one of his own; in the meantime he was obliged to content himself with surreptitiously breaking the longest withes from Miss Jane's bankside rose bushes, and digging cane roots in the woods.

"Shucks take dis old whip! Er can' break it off nohow. You better come off here, whip, kase I des gwine ter n' gnaw yer off when I come. Er wish er hed er knife ter cut dish yer plug tek it off' whip. Miss Jane say she gwine ter gimme er knife Chrismus."

At this moment the branch, frayed by being wrung round and round, parted suddenly. Nace turned a back somersault and rolled over on the chips, filling his sunburned wool with fragments of wood moss. Coming right side up with care, he paused to listen.

"Dah! year dat! Dat's de Natchez er'settin' fer Davis' Bend. I'm gwine down d' river ter rock in her waves. Er ain' gwine ter pick up no chips."

He shoved off hastily down the path, an odd little figure clad in blue cottonade, with a blue check apron buttoned around his neck by one large white horn button. Just at his sins were heavy upon him, but he brightened up under the influence of the warmth and sweetness of the December day, touched himself up saply on the legs with his whip, clucked to himself, and thus encouraged broke into a very high-stepping, thorough bred canter that lasted all the way to the river's side.

The bank rose several feet above the river on his side; on the other a wide bar had formed, fringed with young willows. The old skiff floated at the foot of the bank tied to a stake, and Nace scrambled in to enjoy its wild tossing upon the waves made by the steamer's paddles. He settled himself astride one of the seats, and waited for it.

"W'y don't yer come erlong, ol' steam-boat? Um waitin yer. Lawdy! look at dat crawfish! How dis yer dade crawfish came year, yer s'pose? I spec' Sammy been lef' it yer when he's fishin' las' Sa'day. Humph—umph! don' it smell be-a-ad," and dangling it by one long antenna, he threw it in the river. Rocking the boat by his own motion, and holding tight to the seat, he began again.

"Er wish Chrismus wus year. Um gwine ter hang up my stockin' ter night, same's ther whi'e chillun. Miss Jane say I mus'. En Santy Claw gwine put sumpin' en in. Er wish he'd gimme er gun, en er owings, en er w'ip, en er knife, en er appul, en 'bout forty 'leven hundred dollars, so's I could buy me some candy. Dat boat mos' year. Oo! oo! kerchoo! kerchoo!"

He paused a moment for contemplation, and then resumed the thread of his reflections. His thoughts had taken a new tack.

"I heard Unk Huff tellin' Aunt Liny's Mandy er Chrismus story last night. He say: 'One time dere's er little boy live all 'lone en der big woods; en Chrismus mawning' er gre't big wolf come knock at de do'—blam! blam! En when de little boy open de do', de wolf says: "Chrismus gif,' little boy," en ef him all up! Dat's w'at Unk Huff say."

The boat had swung around the Bend now into full sight, but Nace was under the spell of his own fascinating eloquence, and only half regarded her.

"Unk Huff done seen sperits," he remarked, by way of displaying his versatility and powers of conversational resource. "Er wish I could see sperits. Maw say er wus bo'n wid er caul, en folks wut's bo'n wid er caul kin always see um; but I ain' never seed none. Dey's all white en thin, en yer kin see right spang thoo um. Er you's good, dey don't hurt yer; but ef yer's bad, de devil gits yer, en der sperits carries yer right off. Miss Jane say dere's white angels too w'at waits on Jesus. When Jesus tell um ter do sumpin n'er dey goes right straight en does it. Dey come down in der night en kep' er singin' ter der folks, 'Jesus done bo'n! Jesus done bo'n!' En Miss Jane say dat's why she gwine ter gimme er knife fer er Chrismus gif."

The big white steamboat was opposite him now, and his attention was directed from his theological researches. It was floating like a great swan on the river's brown breast, thrilling with the stertorous breath of its upward progress. It ploughed nearer the Throckmorton's shore, and her wake rushed the wild foaming waves, tossing the skiff high.

"Hooray!" shouted Nace, in delighted terror. The skiff rushed forward and dug its nose into the bank, then dragged violently outward, tearing at its fastenings. The foaming waters softened the earth around the stake, and after the fashion of Mississippi banks, it cracked, crumbled, and caved off, carrying the stake with it and setting the boat free. The eddying currents caught at it gleefully and swirled it out into mid-stream. Nace hardly realized at first what had happened. The look of danger penetrated but slowly his thick little skull. He clung to the seat and stared about wildly, but when the banks rushed swiftly away from him and left him to his fate, he began to whimper a little, like a young puppy deserted by its mother.

The steamer labored on up the river, and the skiff with its slight burden drifted lightly downward on the swift current. The familiar Throckmorton landing began to get smaller as to details—to grow indistinct—and then the great brown river curved itself like a serpent, and Davis' Bend was here instead of "Miss Jane's."

Nace, in the very abandonment of terror, shut his eyes and roared, "Oh, mammy! mammy!" returning instinctively to the terms of his babyhood. But who was to hear a little darky crying in the midst of the great Mississippi? The river's mile of width seemed to him an ocean, and he lost and alone upon it. On and on the boat skimmed lightly, swayed at times from side to side by unexpected whirlpools and eddies. The little yellow ripples ran along the red banks and gnawed at the shore until bits of earth fell with a tiny splash, and were swiftly swept away to the other side, where low bars were forming, at which the land snatched greedily, binding with the firm roots of grasses and willows the gifts of the robber river. Lower down, theft and gift were reversed, the river busy forever building and tearing down, and taking no note of one small skiff drifting loosely on its wide expanse.

The sun began to sink in the west, and the distant shores grew misty and purple. Nace lay curled in the bottom of the boat, weak and exhausted with his cries and tears.

"Oh, Lawdy! Oh, mammy! Oh, Jesus!" he cried still, in tired, despairing whispers. There was no one to answer. The sun sank behind the dim blue horizon of woods. A few keen stars pricked through the deepening dusk, and the river wind grew chilly with night. Nace slept from exhaustion, wakened, and slept again; and evening darkened down. The heavens glittered and palpitated with the sidereal splendors of a Southern night. In the cool silence came at times faint echoes of a barking dog from the distant land. At long intervals a light gleamed from the banks, and at times black birds flapped heavily across from shore to shore; and, under all, the low whisper of the flowing of great waters.

Nace laid his head on the seat and gazed up at the planet worlds above him, thinking—strange, ignorant gropings of a little negro soul alone for the first time in the great void of nature. All his life had been that of a tiny chicken under its mother's wing, never straying beyond sound of her voice.

"I ain' gwine ter hang up my stockin' ter-night, en I ain' gwine ter git no Chrismus presen's, ner nuthin'," he wailed; "en I'm so hungry!" And he began to recall his usual cornbread supper and his favorite ditty:

"Gimme piece er meat,
En gimme piece er brade,
Gimme piece er pone cake—
I'm almos' dade."

"Miss Jane say Jesus tek keer er people. Er wish he'd tek keer er me, en tek me home ter mammy, breaking down in bitter despair and wretchedness. "Miss Jane say Jesus suttenly tek keer er people ef dey's good"—a sudden qualm as to his past came over him, and he turned his face down, away from the accusing stars.

In that vague, intangible wrestlings with the small sins and temptations of his life took place in that little semi-barbarian's heart before he slept again, who can say? When he awoke, cold and stiff, night's last deep slumbers were troubled with dreams of day. The few tired stars winked pale and forlorn, and the skies were pallid and chill. The fog lay folded close and white about the tawny breast of the great brown flood, slipping swift and noiseless through the deep wide land.

It was Christmas Day!

And as the vast sweet smile of light deepened through the world, and the morning wind whirled the fog away in long shreds up through the blue, Nace thought it a cloud of those white angels who had watched the world tenderly on Christ's birthnight, and now flew upward in light to sing endless praise and glory to God for the peace and good-will upon earth. He had seen "sperits" at last, but they gave him joy and courage, so that when the upward-bound steamer found him and carried him home, he burst into the kitchen, where Aunt Patsy was dropping tears among the batter cakes, as she fried them, and cried:

"Chrismus gif, maw! Merry Chrismus!"

His vague strivings alone on the river would seem not to have been in vain, for after embraces and explanations were done, he got down upon his knees and hauled out from under the stove the old battered tin pan.

"I'm gwine ter git yer some chips, maw!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

HE MARCHED WITH SHERMAN TO THE SEA;

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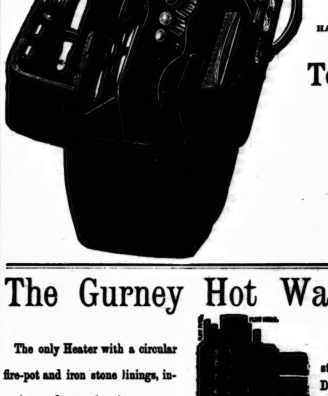

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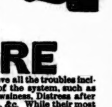

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VOL. III] TORONTO, FEB. 1, 1890. [No. 10

Weather.

It seems to be the proper thing just now to write articles on the above subject, seeing that the weather department appears to be dispensing such weather in various parts of this continent that people are beginning to wonder what next they may expect. The meteorological department talks of "areas of pressure" and "storm centres" and various other mysterious things more or less unintelligible to the ordinary citizen, but cannot account for the lack of the beautiful snow. The iceman is in despair, for his seed time and harvest cometh not. In his desperation he is in danger of becoming an annexationist. He would like to annex a slice of Greenland and bring it down to Toronto. The plumber has not yet had his revenge on the funny man who made jokes about him all last summer. The tinkle of the melodious sleigh-bell is silent, and the fair young Canadian belle looks out and far away at the mists that hover on the bosom of the bay as if they were paid for it, and she sighs for the spanking steeds and the snowy road and the frosty air that brings roses to her cheek and the light to her eye. She longs for the rushing toboggan and the glistening ice and all the other delightful things we usually have in winter time. The small boy's skates that he got at Christmas have become pretty rusty and his sleigh would have followed suit only that he discovered it slipped very well on mud. The purveyor of fur goods is metaphorically tearing his hair. No one is buying them but doctors and druggists. They are doing very well and are reasonably happy. So also is the Toronto Street Railway Company and the householder, neither of whom have snow to shovel. So also are the poor. So also are not the coal autocrats. Not in Canada alone has the weather been eccentric. Down south the strawberries are ripening a month ahead of time. From far away California, that "land of the cedar and vine, where one half ever blossom and the beams ever shine," a subscriber of SATURDAY NIGHT sends a description of winter weather that makes a genuine Canadian's blood tingle in his veins to read. Here it is:

NORTH BLOOMFIELD, Cal., Jan. 14.

DEAR SIR,—I am stationed at the above named place, which is situated in the Sierra Nevada mountains, at an altitude of 3,100 feet. We have five feet of snow on the level right in town, and on the ridge, twelve miles above here, at a village called Granite City, they say it is eighteen feet deep. This is the beautiful "California climate" that you read about. Our only winter sport is snow-shoeing with Norwegian snow-shoes, some pairs of which are fourteen feet long, made something like a toboggan, but range from two and one-half to three and one-fourth inches wide. Experts with these shoes make remarkable speed and travel almost any place on them. The speed attained on a steep mountain side would make a toboggan ashamed of itself. In summer the country gets fairly burned up and the dust gets nearly as deep as the snow is in winter. Spring is the pretty season, and one can drive with a degree of pleasure and enjoy the wild scenery of this section. Notwithstanding all this and has been said about the "Golden State," lauding it to the skies, I would much prefer living in Toronto or in Canada some place, could my interests be transported there.

FRED A. JOHNSON.

When things are upset in this way can it be wondered that we are afflicted with strange epidemics? But Boreas and Jack Frost may soon be reinstated in all their regal majesty and power, and perhaps before this is in the reader's hands the mercury will be in the cellar and still trying to creep into itself.

Music.

A very enjoyable concert, though but poorly attended, was given as part of the Y.M.C.A. course in Association Hall on Tuesday evening. A novelty of decided interest was the guitar and mandolin duett by Messrs. Levian and Parkes, who really played most delightfully, and whom it will be very pleasant to hear again. Miss Alice Waltz sang several songs in very effective style, her fine, full voice showing to advantage in the large room. Mrs. B. R. Nicholson also was very happy in her renditions, and is a welcome reinforcement of our local resources. Messrs. Garrie and Coats contributed largely to a pleasant evening, but why was not the Attila trio sufficiently rehearsed?

•

On Tuesday evening next the young men of the Toronto Bicycle Club will give an entertainment at the Academy of Music at which we shall hear Miss Clara E. Barnes of Buffalo, Mr. Whitney Mockridge of Chicago and Mr. H. L. Clarke of our own city. Besides the musical features, some novelties in the shape of bicycle tableaux will be shown, arranged by Mr. Bell-Smith and Mr. Fraser Bryce.

•

The January number of the *Musical Journal* is at hand, and is more than ordinarily good, being newsy and interesting. Mrs. Eva York has evidently caught the manner and is handling her little paper in good style.

•

Among the new ventures spoken of in the city is a new brass band, to be known as Clarkton's, whose performers shall be able to resolve themselves into an orchestra, a combination that will make them available for a great variety of entertainments.

•

The following correspondence has reached me concerning the College of Organists:

DEAR SIR,—In response to the request for letters regarding the College of Organists, I wish to say a very few words.

A number of our ablest organists wished to start a College of Organists; and, in order to grant diplomas, it was needful to have a Council and College of Fellows to grant them. To use a church parallel, it was out of the question for a musical layman to consecrate a musical bishop. Therefore a strict enquiry was held as to the ability of the organists on the list, and some twenty were singled out and made fellows, with the governing power in their hands.

This enquiry was not like a school examination, but was purely based on the fitness of the men, and the knowledge their professional brethren had of them—and who ought to know better than they? I was left that it would be absurd with such men like Dr. Davies and Mr. F. H. Torrington, to set them down to a table like school-boys, and proceed to anxiously query whether they were or were not good organists! And if they were free, why examine the others? Perhaps some of our critics would like to examine our examiner!

And so, following in the steps of the English College, a number of Foundation Fellows were elected. At the same time the power of using the letters F. C. O. (Canada) was given them in order to stimulate young and rising organists to acquire, by examination, the right to use a like title. This has been willingly understood. The fact is that such use is a compliment to the College, rather than to the men. In truth the only genuine titles to public esteem are those the talent and ability to win a position, and the energy and tact to keep it.

The College has been greatly blessed in having Mr. A. S. Vogt for its secretary. It is chiefly owing to his firmness, fairness and business ability that the foundation can show a roll of name that no country in the world need blush to own—excepting, of course, the writer's.

I trust I have not been personal! Far be it from me to belittle such ornaments to the profession as Metronome and his friend, Mr. Arthur Fisher. Yours very truly,

TORONTO. C. LEFFERS,
Organist, Central Methodist Church.

DEAR METRONOME,—Will you kindly grant a little of your valuable space to one, who if only an amateur, is still a lover of both music and fair play. Some time ago I was much interested in a letter which appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT. It was written by Mr. Arthur E. Fisher upon the subject of forming a College of Organists in Canada; his views were so broad and well defined that even an amateur like myself could see at once that he had at heart the musical welfare of Canada, and a college formed upon such a basis would indeed be a credit to our country, and one that every conscientious musician would feel an honor to be associated with. I am therefore much surprised at the contents of the letters published in your late number, one by Mr. F. H. Torrington, the other by a Mr. Vogt. Both of these gentlemen appear to be very envious of Mr. Fisher being an A. C. O. England, but would it not be more dignified of them to endeavor to win for themselves the same distinction, instead of foolishly attempting to make little of titles which they do not possess and which after all may be found to be quite beyond their reach. Mr. Torrington lays great stress upon being holding the position of organist anywhere and I may add anyhow. As it is a well-known fact that a great number of them retain their positions simply by remaining passive in the hands of those who engage them, doing as they are told and in fact allowing themselves to be tossed about like an India rubber ball, this I grant proves them to be most amiable and docile persons, but I fail to see that it is any test whatever of their musicianship.

FAIR PLAY.

PORT HOPE.

DEAR SIR,—Before withdrawing from a controversy, which was precipitated by the hostile attitude, and in some instances positive misstatements of the critics of the C. O. (Canada), I desire, briefly, to make a few comments relative to the matter, leaving to others who may feel so disposed, the pleasure of continuing the discussion.

I may state that personally I have no objections to offer if our critics desire to indulge in the exhilarating pastime of "throwing a letter at a fortress," more especially since, as in this case, it reveals the strength of our position, supplies us with a gratuitous advertisement and furnishes amusement to the public, who, no doubt have been entertained by the edifying spectacle presented by a wholesale trailing-in-the-dust of musical titles and distinctions as witnessed in the columns of recent issues of the widely-circulated SATURDAY NIGHT.

As regards Mr. Fisher's comments of last week, a careful and dispassionate perusal of my letter of the 5th inst. must convince him that I showed no intention to avoid the main issue," since both his statements and misstatements were fairly and squarely met at every point. The fact that Mr. Fisher claims to have discovered a "point" in his favor in what is a direct contradiction of a positive misstatement which occurred in his first letter, is sufficient evidence that he has gained small comfort from the discussion of the "main issue."

In conclusion I would say that I will be pleased at all times to furnish parties desirous of discussing the question (whether *pro* or *con*) with facts concerning the organization of the C O. (Canada).

Our critics, by relying upon other sources of information, than supplied by their own imaginations, might thus spare themselves the awkward positions in which they been found as regards certain features of this controversy.

Sincerely yours,
A. S. VOGT,
TORONTO. Sec.-Treas. C.O. (Can).

P. S.—I might add, since Metronome seems to feel that a publication of the complete list of Honorary Fellows of the College might shed further light on the subject, that the names omitted in the partial list furnished by Mr. Torrington are those of Mrs. H. M. Blight of Toronto and Messrs. L. A. Maffre and E. A. Hilton of Montreal.

A. S. V.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

When Mr. Joseph Haworth was making his little speech before the curtain at the Grand Opera House, on Monday night of last week, he said he saw—presumably in the small-sized audience—that *la grippe* had not yet left Toronto. Had he been able to look into the Grand on Thursday evening, at the opening performance of Rosina Vokes, he would have concluded that the epidemic had either departed very suddenly or that the entertainment of Vokes and her company for our citizens had overcome the monster. The value of the "bubble reputation" was most markedly displayed in the increased size of the audience. Mr. Haworth's excellent play and excellent acting were not recognized as they deserve to be because they were both comparatively unknown here. Rosina Vokes is a household name in Toronto, and her annual visit one of the events wait for. It is strange, considering the large measure of popularity accorded to the form of entertainment given by Rosina Vokes, that so few should attempt to follow in her foot-steps. The contrary is the rule in theatrical work. When a thing is a success it is taken up by countless imitators who merely vary it sufficiently to evade the copyright law. The light one-act comedies she makes use of are in perfect harmony with the spirit of American humor, which runs to brevity and snap rather than to length and finished polish. An evening performance of three sparkling comediettas, full of bright dialogue or witty monologue, unexpected and happy turns, sketchy in their character, suggesting what they do not show, yet complete enough to be satisfactory, is as pleasing a performance as one wishes to see. In drama of a more finished kind we are sometimes inclined to yawn while waiting for the curtain to rise on the next chapter. The actors must break in the current of the story—an unavoidable interruption—which has somewhat the same effect as being called away from your dinner for a short time. You go back to it with a much poorer appetite than you had when you left. Your interest in the story of the drama has subsided in exact proportion to the length of time the curtain has been down, not to speak of the effects of going out between acts, if you are a man. The tendency of all modern dramatic improvement both in play, construction and mechanical effects has been towards the lessening of all these obstacles which interrupt the action of the play. In a performance of two or three one-act comedies, each act is very much like a course of a dinner, to revert to that simile, (this is written in Grub street, mind you). Each one is complete in itself. When 'tis done you have finished with it and can calmly digest it while waiting for the next. There are many arguments to be adduced in favor of shorts sermon, short speeches and short plays and I sometimes wonder why we do not get more of them.

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Perhaps one reason why there are not more followers in Miss Vokes' footsteps is that a good short comedy is one of the most difficult things to produce and the necessities of the acting, on account of the necessary paucity of characters, demand a more than ordinary share of magnetic power in the actor. One afternoon a short time ago a talented young New York actress undertook to act a play before a few of her friends. She undertook alone to impersonate the five or six persons of the drama and the dramatic papers said she gave a very entertaining performance. But everyone knows that nothing is more wearying than monologue unless it is excellently done, and such a performance would require a power of attraction that only the *rare aves* possess. The slightness of the plot in short plays throws the burden of the entertainment on the actors, and on them depends entirely its success or the contrary.

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As an instance of this take The Old Musician, which was one of the new plays given here last week. Some of the critics voted it slow, and said it added to the length of the programme, without increasing its attractiveness. The plot of this little play is very slight. An old French musician, who had married above his station, had been forced to separate from his wife twenty years before the play opens. He lives in Bohemia with a young but impecunious artist, and keeps the pot boiling by composing songs while he is at work on an opera. He still cherishes the idea that his wife will come to him as she had promised she would. But instead of his wife comes his daughter who tells him her mother is dead. It is a character sketch more than a play and the developing of this character by words and action fell upon Mr. Felix Morris. In doing this he was obliged to speak a long monologue and it was this, I presume, that some found so uninteresting. I shall venture to differ from the judgment of those gentlemen in this instance. As a piece of artistic character acting, finely conceived and delicately executed. I think the old musician of Felix Morris cannot easily be surpassed. But were it entrusted to a less accomplished artist one can readily imagine how flat it would fall.

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The two other new plays presented by the Vokes company I have not space to describe at length. They were a little more farcical than the old stories which were given on Saturday, and they lacked the accretions of "business" which time has lent to the latter and which help so materially to make them such finished and charming productions. It would be but singing an old song were I to write at length of the soul of all these plays—the magnetic Rosina herself. The charms of those wondrous eyes, that shock of golden curls, the latent fun in that nervous voice, the lightness of her dainty step and the expression of her tom-boyish friskings have been told and retold and yet from such a theme it is difficult to turn away. But I must. Miss Vokes was well supported. The work of Mr. Felix Morris and Messrs. Thorpe and Gottschalk needs no commendation. Miss Emily Bancker and Miss Eleanor Lane are both pretty and clever and Mr. Chas. J. Bell was very successful in nearly all the characters he essayed.

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His Natural Life under the management of Schofield and Anderson opened its season at the Grand on Monday night under very inauspicious circumstances. The play is a dramatization of a novel bearing the same name which I have never had the pleasure of reading, but if it is anything like the drama that has been made from it, I think I am to be congratulated. Mr. Inigo Tyrrell, the adapter, seems to have mistaken his calling if this piece of work does not belie his powers. To attempt to describe the play would drive any ordinary writer insane. The less said about both play and acting the better, for of all the combinations of incongruities and absurdities that ever tried to beguile the unsuspecting public of this town His Natural Life takes the pastry. In the company are several actors whose work might be worth noticing were it displayed in some drama that did not make it utterly ridiculous.

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Minnie Maddern will be at the Grand next week and all who want to see one of the cleverest actresses on the American stage will go to see her. She will appear in Featherbrain in which she was so successful at the Madison Square theater, New York, and in another of her successes, In Spite of All. This little woman with her bright auburn hair and quaint ways, is as unique in her methods as she is pleasing. But she is an artist of the first water and her weeks' engagement here beginning next Monday should be a highly successful one. She comes supported by a first-class company.

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Manager Greene of the Academy of Music has struck it rich in bringing Hermann's Trans-Atlantique Vaudevilles to his house. They have been running all week to excellent business. The fact is the Trans-Atlantique Vaudevilles are the best all-round company of variety performers we have had here for a long time. The show is thoroughly clean, the witticisms fresh and the tricks of a first-class order. The performance opened with some pirouetting by four young damsels who pose as Gaiety *Danseuses*. Instead of the fairy, gossamery costumes we have been accustomed to see on the ladies of the ballet—that is, if we had good eyesight—these were attired in long skirts after the fashion introduced to Americans last year by Letty Lind, Sylvia Gray and the other dancers of the London Gaiety Company. Skirt dancing has now become all the go. It has the fascination of "half-revealing, half-concealing." Every kick flings up a tantalizing mist of frou-frou and lace, and each motion of the *danseuse* sets those diaphanous skirts floating in airy undulations that are much more suggestive of the poetry of motion than is the conventional Elizabethan ruff of the ordinary ballet. The tripudiary gyrations of the Gaiety dancers and the light vocalizings of Miss Daisy Katie Seymour were enthusiastically received. Katie makes a bough of the stage, and perches on it like a bob-o-link. The gymnastic performances of the Athols and the Pinauds were both wonderful and funny. The songs and general bearing of *le petit* Freddy, a child phenomenon, brought down the house. The comedy skit that accompanies a variety show is generally about as taut a performance as one has to suffer in the course of a lifetime. When, therefore, a person gets something good like the skit given by Miss Mabel Fenton and Mr. Chas. Ross in this company he feels that he ought at the very least to rush out and ask the manager to have a drink. Herr Molen with his nose, ears, hat and the clock on his back illuminated by electricity, was very amusing. One of the most popular features of the show was the balancing feats of M. Trewey and the shadowing of various figures by a screen—a trick familiar to most of us from childhood, but rarely brought to such perfection as is shown by Trewey. The songs of Miss Eunice Vance and Les Freres Tacchi were clever and completed a programme which of its kind would be difficult to excel.

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William Gillette's well-known play, Held by the Enemy, has done good business this week at Jacobs & Sparrow's. Held by the Enemy is a play of sterling merit which has enjoyed a high degree of popularity for a long time, so that there are few theater goers in Canada or the United States who are not familiar with its powerful and touching story. The company presenting it at the Toronto Opera House this week contains a number of capable actors. Mr. Wm. H. Leyden is well adapted for the part of Major-General Stamburg, into which he throws a great deal of vigorous acting. Mr. D. R. Young as Colonel Prescott and Mr. W. H. Elwood as Lieutenant Hayne gave very acceptable performances. Mr. Farrell as Leslie's Special was very comical, and the Uncle Rufus of Mr. Walter Perkins was an excellent performance. The ladies of the company, Misses Alice Gray, Tessie Deagle and Jeanette Ferrell kept up their end of the show in a very creditable manner.

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DRAMATIC NOTES.

Robert Mantell is to essay Hamlet in the spring.

A western dramatic critic, writing of the performance of an actor who portrayed a drunken husband, said: "Mr. Blank was eminently fitted for the role."

Mr. Van Horne of the Canadian Pacific Railway is about to erect an opera house in Vancouver, B.C. The cost is estimated at $75,000. It will be fitted in the very best style and lighted by electricity.

Gus Pitou has recently purchased a piece of land up by Lake Simcoe including Smalley's Point, which juts out into the lake. This lot adjoins that of Mr. O. B. Sheppard and the waters in front of them in summer time are said to be swarming with fish of almost incredible size. Mr. Pitou intends to come up here from New York with his family next summer and enjoy a few month's of good solid rest.

A Thrilling Ride.

One night a Carolina judge had been out very late, and on his return, after stabling his horse, he kept vigil even later with some symposiac friends. On rising in the morning and descending to the breakfast-room, his throat very dry, what was his surprise to find the decanter that stood on the table in a similar and condition.

"Sambo!"

"Ye s, sah."

"Take this demijohn, saddle the mare, and ride down to the Corners and get it filled as quickly as you know how. Do you hear?"

"Ye-s, sah."

His order given, and the slow and stuttering Sambo out of the room, the thirsty son of Bacchus and Minerva sat himself down, watch in hand, to await the execution of his commission.

"Two minutes," he murmured, broken-ly, grasping an chickens of his when their porridge is too dry. "The mare is bridled—saddled—and Sambo is on her back. Now he is down the path, out of the gate, and on the highway. Good old Bessy! How she flies along! Now they are by the willow-tree. Now they are crossing the brook—and now—now the two miles are finished, and they are at the store. Two minutes for the boy to finish waiting on the customers already there—two minutes to draw the stuff for Sambo, and he is on its way. Here it comes—over the brook and by the tree—along the road—along the lane—through the gate—up the path—and here is it with Sambo!

"I s-say, m-massa, I c-can't find that 'ere bridle anywha'! Why, h-h-here it is, massa, behind your chair! Guess you must ha' bringed it in last night!"

Not a Journalist.

Millionaire—You ask for the hand of my daughter. You are a journalist, I believe, and journalists, I am told, can scarcely earn their salt.

Young Editor (with dignity)—You mistake, sir. I am not a journalist; I am a newspaper man.

"Oh! Keep a news-stand, I presume. Good, paying business! Take her, my son, and be happy."

The Happy Land.

For Saturday Night.

Wal, Dad, so long, I kinder think thet somehow I'll be go'n,
I've got my red bandanner packed, I'm strikin' out alone.
Whar'm I boun'? Wal, a place beyond the shadder uv our gate;
In fact to tell the truth, old Dad, I'm go'n to emergrate.
You see, thet book thet I uv read consid'rable this week
Hez kinder led me to decide thet happy land to seek.
How'll I travel without the cash? Wal, now you've got me, Dad,—
And yet you hain't, for don't you see the walkin' ain't so bad!
I guess somehow I'll find a place whar I kin lie an' sleep
Er eit a bite, an' walkin' is very perticker cheap;
But then, I think I'll git along without much uv a fight,
Et enny rate I mean ter tramp some miles 'twixt this an' night.
I'm boun' ter strike thet kentry, Dad, it's jes' the kin' fer me,
Thar sartin' hain't no other place thet fits so suitably;
Fur thar no war nur sickness comes—'cept dying uv old age,
An' "figous folks, uv diff'rent faiths, don't howl aroun' an' rage.
An' try to squelch the tuther side with langwidge rather hot,
An' whar in short sich people haint the golden rule forgot;
Whar Jessoot Acks, an' all sich things, er never ter be four';
Whar statesmen do not plee to run thar kentry under cruse;
Whar fanatin' folks, like you an' me, haint taxed beyond all sense,
An' public men, on schemes thet's good, haint straddle uv the fence;
Whar cranks, an' doods, an' toughs, an' sharks er utterly unknown,
An' all embez'lers, great an' small, er put to breakin' stone;
An' whar thar haint no kind uv call ter howl 'bout Ekel Richts,
Fur ev'ry class does what is squar' accordin' ter thar lights;
Whar Poverty hez got a show erlongside uv the Rich;
Whar folks er not quite measured by thar stocks, an' bonds, an' sich;
Whar things er run jes' right fur all, none bein' favured thar,
An' ev'ry man, ez long's he's straight, is welkum'd anywhar;
Whar—but I must be movin', Dad, fur I'm not go'n by wing,
However's, if the kentry soots, I'll come back in the spring
An' take you 'long to finish out the balance uv yer days,
Fur seems ter me you'd rather like thet kentry's cheerin' ways—
What's thet you say? I hev'n told the kentry's name? Wal say,
I thought I hed! Why Dad, the place is called U—top—e—ay!

W.

Fate, the Milkman.

For Saturday Night.

My fate's a wicked dairyman
Who sells me skim and charges cream;
Puts "human kindness" on his can,
And cold pump water on my dream.

With deprecatory pretence
He begs his dues like other prige—
My time, my labor and my pence,
And sometimes a bit-tuh of the pig.

I asked him why the milk I buy
Is worse than theirs who dress in silk,
But craftily he made reply—
"I furnish them with asses' milk!"

I'd gladly change, but where I dwell
He quite controls his branch of trade;
He is an anchorite as well
And would not keep a dairymaid.

O Milkman Fate! these many years
Your human kindness mocks my thirst;
Your watered milk is with tears
And on such food my hopes are nursed.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

Midwinter Thaw.

How shrink the snows upon this upland field,
Under the dove-gray doane of brooding noon!
They shrink with soft relu tant sighs, and soon
In sad brown ranks the furrows lie revealed.
From radiant cisterns of the frost unsealed
Now wakes through all the air a watery rune—
The babble of a million brooks stune,
In fairy conduits of blue ice concealed.

Noisy with crows, the windbreak on the hill
Counts o'er its buds for summer. In the air
Some shy forestaller prophesies with skill—
Some voyaging host of bird, some effluence rare,
And the stall-wearied cattle dream their fill
Of deep June pasture s where the pools are fair.

—CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, in *Belford's Magazine.*

A Kiss.

Pale maiden moon in dark abyss
Leans towards each cloud, invites a kiss,
And in her love there's naught amiss,
'Tis pure affection's solution.
The modest brook beneath the shade
Kissing each flower bu obeyed
The law which Mother Nature made,
Of mutual attraction.
A swain of ruby lips and eyes
And who is there will censure me
If I obey Nature's decree,
And render satisfaction?

Wing Tee Wee.

Wing Tee Wee.
Was a sweet Chinee,
And she lived in the town of Tac.
And her eyes were blue,
And her curling cue
Hung dangling down her back;
And she fell in love with gay Win Sil,
When he wrote his love on a laundry bill.

And O, Tin Told
Was a pirate bold,
And he sailed in a Chinese junk;
And he loved, ah, me!
Sweet Wing Tee Wee,
But his valiant heart had sunk.
So he drowned his blues in fickle fizz,
And vowed the maid would yet be his.

So bold Tin Told
Showed all his gold
To the maid in the town of Tac,
And sweet Wing Wee
Eloped to sea
And nevermore came back,
For in far Chinee the maids are fair,
And the maids are false, as everywhere.

—Harvard Lampoon.

Enterprising Journalism.

Fashionable Father—My dear, where are the girls going to-night?

Fashionable Mother—I don't know. The evening papers haven't come yet. Were you waiting for them.

Fashionable Father—Yes; I want to see what the girls are going to wear for undercloths.—*N. Y. Truth.*

Noted People.

Max O'Rell's Jonathan and his Continent, has sold over 100,000 copies.

Ouida has made more money than any woman of the present century except Patti.

Fanny J. Crosby of New York, the writer of "Sweet Hour of Prayer," and many other hymns is an invalid, and has been blind from her birth.

A strange request was printed at the top of George Eliot's letter paper. It was this: "You are particularly requested to burn this letter when read."

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Rev. Samuel May and Rev. S. F. Smith dined together in Boston recently. They were graduated from Harvard in the class of 1829, of which eleven members now survive.

Edna Lyall, whose latest book A Hardy Norseman is being widely read, says that if she has favorite authors they are Kingsley and F. D. Maurice. Of poets she is especially fond of Tennyson, Mrs. Browning and Whittier.

A. R. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, has a phenomenal knowledge of books. What he does not know about them is not worth knowing, yet he is not a recluse nor a book worm, enjoying life and mingling freely in society.

E. L. Bynner, author of Begum's Daughter, is described as "a wholesome and sane man with a certain out-of-doors air about him that is refreshing in these days when it is so rare." Rather hard on the sallow-faced, lean-fingered, melancholy-eyed writers of to-day, is it not?

Jules Verne is prevented from writing by the accident which befel him some years ago. His nephew became violently insane and shot at the novelist and the wound has never properly healed. Verne writes two novels every year, and is now engaged upon his seventy-fourth.

An electric light in the St. Petersburg Imperial Palace suddenly flickered and almost went out. The Emperor sprang to his feet with cries of alarm, and was prostrated for hours by the fright received. The terrible anxiety of the Czar's life makes his diadem too heavy for his brow.

Archduchess Maria Theresa of Austria is spoken of as one of the most charming women in Europe. She is a daring horse-woman, and enjoys a freedom of action allowed to few women so near thrones. Her *salon* is thronged with distinguished men and women, and she welcomes warmly and gracefully literary men, artists and musicians.

Queen Victoria does a great deal of miscellaneous reading these days. Daily and weekly papers, magazines and leading religious newspapers and periodicals are faithfully perused. Of Tennyson she never tires, but Burns is one of her greatest favorites. American writers do not meet with much favor. They are said to be too racy and slangy to please her. However, the above facts are taken from an English paper, and perhaps a little overdrawn.

Mrs. Balington Booth of the Salvation Army is a very beautiful woman, possessing gracious manners and a lovely voice. Even the hideous uniform she wears cannot conceal her beauty and her air of distinction. She goes fearlessly into the worst quarters of the worst population, conquers a welcome by her genuineness and sympathy, teaches the poor women she finds better ways of living, and so wins them to listen to her spiritual counsel.

It is a curious fact that King Humbert of Italy is nearer to the throne of the United Kingdom, if the divine right of blood be recognized, than Queen Victoria. Her Majesty's title is derived from the beautiful daughter of James I., Elizabeth of Bohemia, whose daughter became the mother of George I., while the Italian sovereign's comes from James' son, Charles I., whose daughter, Henrietta Maria, married into the House of Savoy. Thus he has one generation more of English blood in his veins than his royal cousin of England.

Emperor William of Germany sent a state sword and an autograph letter to Admiral Commerell, the commander-in-chief at Portsmouth. Now it is an established law in the service that no officer shall receive presents from a foreign power, so there was considerable anxiety and discussion over the toy. However, Her Majesty allowed the admiral to accept it, though they do say that she was angry at her grandson for not consulting her first. A sword was also sent to Sir Evelyn Wood, an elegant affair with diamond studded hilt, the Imperial crown and the recipient's monogram.

The late Lord Napier was a man of extraordinary nerve, and an exhibition of his unflinching courage was given when in India. The Sikhs were famous swordsmen, and had the reputation of being able to cut in two halves an apple held on an unstretched hand without abrading the skin. The boast was made by a Sikh warrior, and Lord Napier offered to hold an apple, thinking the Sikh would lose his confidence. He was, however, sure of success, and the nobleman kept his word, held his apple, saw the severed halves fall to the ground, and found his hand unhurt.

A good story is told of Miss Winnie Davis, the child of the Confederacy. Having occasion to call upon one of the leaders of society in Washington, she was subjected to a rather trying ordeal. The servant had failed to deliver her card, and the hostess who had seen Miss Davis only once before, and then in evening dress, failed to recognize her. Miss Davis dresses very quietly on the street, and the lady noting this, mistook her for a book agent, and gave the servant some instructions with regard to "peddlers." The young woman rose to go, and until on the threshold was not recognized by Dame Fashion's daughter. An embarrassed explanation was made and an invitation issued to return, but Winnie Davis did not re-enter. "No, I thank you," she said, "I desire no more courtesy than should be given peddlers and women agents, nor from you any more than you accord them. Good morning."

Couldn't Tell.

Stranger (trying to be friendly)—How is your health?

Dyspeptic (gruffly)—How do I know? I haven't had any for the last five years.—*Time.*

A Wonderful Picture.

Amongst the many vocations over which SATURDAY NIGHT exercises a watchful and helpful care, none have received so much attention probably as that of art, and it is with a feeling of pleasure that is half akin to pride I remark that the many suggestions and criticisms offered weekly in these columns must have told vastly for good both on the profession and the public.

When it is understood that these remarks emanate from the business office, which seldom has an opportunity of expressing its opinions, a public as cautious about fawning upon home talent as Toronto has become since O'Connor's defeat, will no doubt receive them with the kind consideration which has always marked the relations between this journal and the public.

Unlike many journals whose preachings and practices do not tally, SATURDAY NIGHT has taken care that its patronage of art should not be confined to words, mere words, and at an early date in its history its management had the pleasure of hanging upon the walls of its handsomely decorated business office a canvas, the age and beauty of which have long been the wonder of thousands of observers. On the catalogue of a European art gallery it would stand: "Seven Ages of Man, by Guercino, O. M.; very old and rare painting." I may add that it is from sunny Italy and that Mr. Guercino was an Old Master.

Old as the picture is, still amid the hazy mantle which time hangs over man's decaying works can be seen the same glorious tints which satisfied the inspiration of the artist's soul, and the meaning of the group seems as clear as the morning when Guercino rested from his labors and told his wife his picture could be mounted in time for the fall show. I may observe that the best point from which to view this masterpiece is from the subscriber's desk, at $2 per annum, for which sum any amount of explanation is given and the hidden beauties revealed to those whose eye for high art still requires coaching. For the benefit of those who have never flattened their noses against our plate glass front in order to view this *chef d'œuvre* a brief description may not be uninteresting.

There are seven figures in it. At the right side is a page in fourteenth century costume. It may be remarked as a passing commentary on this costume that it is significant of the conservatism prevailing in the negro's taste with regard to dress; the "pants" in the fourteenth century were "striped." This page bears the shield of a warrior in middle life immediately behind him. This latter gentleman is an unusually muscular person with a ruddy brown face and beard, and helmet and plumes like the Black Prince. He is represented in the act of drawing his sword, while his eyes glance furtively yet fiercely sidewise in the direction of a supposed foe. Right behind him are a pair of lovers whose sight seems embracing so closely as to form a harmonious whole. She is attired in a style adopted by the devotees of the ball-room and this is one of the proofs of the antiquity of the picture, for in the Renaissance and later styles the high neck is usually found. However it does not produce the effect which the old masters knew so well how to produce. Behind these again, and bowing as if with regret that so much energy should be needlessly wasted when he needs it so much, is an old grey-bearded man with a velvet skull cap. He is attired so as to show off to a considerable extent the action of decay which is slowly ripening for the tomb a once muscular man. He seems to be in a reflective mood and sometimes as one looks at him a shadow comes over his worn features as he thinks of the old days in Tiberius county when things went merrily with him and old age was leagues and leagues away. One would think so clearly has the painter thrown his soul into his work, that the old man was undecided in his mind whether his life had been worth living or not. It is a sad sight to behold a senile gentleman who seems to regret that he had come. How much better it is for a man to live virtuously and so reap the reward of happy and contented old age. The lady before referred to takes time from her devotion to her young Lochinvar to hold in her hands a pretty cherub of a boy who in his chubby hands supports a skull. I do not know whether it is her own child or not. All the figures except the child lean to the right, as if to signify that the living tend in one direction—that man hopefully strives on thinking death will never overtake him, while the babe holding the skull in the opposite direction may indicate that this is the common lot of all, and to this favor must we come at last." I feel utterly unable to depict the beauties of this picture. The drawing, the chiaroscuro, the coloring, the various tints and sub-tints, need the graphic pen of our artist who unfortunately is sick with *la grippe* as we go to press.

This picture excites a great deal of attention. Scores of people stop daily to admire it, and many of these come in and buy a back number of SATURDAY NIGHT and so keep up with the stories. Plenty of them, too, bring their friends and make a few brief rambling remarks as to its origin, price and meaning, etc. Gaze on it as they may they can never fathom it. After all their researches there is one question that still dazzles them, and there is one perplexing interrogation forever hanging over the head of the young lady who sits beneath and plays on the typewriter, "What does it mean? Where are the seven ages?"

It is not the intention of this article to answer this question. It is one of the mysteries which are forever locked up in the crypts of time, and until the dead painter rises from his grave and makes a voluntary statement, it is probable no one can satisfactorily explain where the seven ages are.

A great many people have striven to elucidate this problem, and some have even dared to criticize the picture and state that no painter of ordinary merit would place a title beneath a group which did not represent all that it claimed. For instance, some will say with the air of connoisseurs, if it is the Seven Ages of Man, where is the seventh, unless you count the skull, which you ought not to, and what has a nigger got to do with it, anyway? I have a shrewd suspicion that these would-be critics only exhibit their ignorance of art, their ideas of which have probably been gathered at a "gallery of illusions" or a ten cent panorama. Their idea of seven ages would be to have some individual photographed seven times in his life and the whole collection strung up in order and dated and numbered to correspond to the stages of his existence. What a crude idea of art? Art is nothing—it is not true art—unless it causes one to pause and consider. This is why "art is long." Great masters are not to be studied carelessly. Guercino was a great master. His piece is being studied thoughtfully every day. Others there are so audacious as to criticize the attire of the lady and to assert that the young man's arm is thrown about her neck with undue fervency. The answer is *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* One lady critic endeavored to demonstrate on the spot that no man could draw his sword with his lower limb in that position, while not a few bald-headed men have viewed the skull with considerable satisfaction. As a representation of one stage of life it is to them perfect.

But the most amusing of all is the person who views this picture from the Shakespearean standpoint. He is generally a stout, thick-set man with a red face, short neck, mutton-chop whiskers, through which the air moves quite freely, and an immense gold chain which wobbles uneasily over the surface of a rotund waistcoat. He thinks he has an eye for art and an ear for poetry. He comes in stately and slow. His eye "glaws" is elevated. He stares. Presently he lowers his glass. His lips move. The oracle will speak.

"Seven ages of man, eh? Huh'm. Um."

A pause.

"Guercino, eh? Who was 'e anyhow?"

"Italian artist, sir, one of the later ones."

"Never heard of him, by jingo, sir, I never did."

"Indeed?"

"And is that th' name of th' pictur', 'Seven Ages?'"

"Yes, sir."

He bursts into a hearty peal of laughter, with many "ho, ho's" and "ha, ha's."

"'Seven Ages of Man.' Why, my dear man, there isn't no seven ages there! It is true you have the 'infant mewling and puking in his nurse's arms;' but where is the 'schoolboy with shining morning face, creeping like snail, unwillingly to school?' No-huh! That 'ud never do at 'ome, sir, never in this world! Now, you may say that the young man is 'making woeful ballads to his mistress' eyebrows,' and there is the 'warrior bearded like a pard,' but where is the 'learned judge, full of wise saws and modern instances?' O, no-huh! yeh cawn't call that the 'seven ages of man.' That feller didn't know nothink about what he was doin'. Why, sir, we 'ud no more call *that* the 'seven ages of man' at 'ome, sir, than we'd call call it the seven caterpillars. And, again, if that is Shakespeare's old man in 'lean and slippered pantaloon' where are the slippers and pantaloons? Why, it's preposterous; it isn't true to nature, not to immor-tal Shakespeare eyther. Huh!" This gentleman generally goes off muttering something like this, "Ye cawn't expect no 'ighly developed art in sich a blawsted kentry as this you know, anyhow."

The trouble with these Shakespearean critics is that they never stop to think that in all probability Shakespeare never saw this picture, and if so it is not to be wondered at that his lines describing the Seven Ages of Man do not illustrate it like a catalogue. Hence these Shakespearean critics are dead wrong. And these other critics: the mistake they make is in trying to force upon a picture a meaning which it was never intended to bear. They look on it as they do on a horse-trade or a second-hand piano, not for what it is but for what they want it to be. They look at it, as they look at many other things, falsely, through the spectacles of prejudice, past opinions and present influences. Unable to emerge from their narrow environment and come out into the broad light and freedom in which Art must be viewed, their interpretations of its divine mysteries are meagre and mean.

THE SUBSCRIPTION CLERK.

'Varsity Chat.

The mock parliament, I am informed, was a great success, calling forth considerable of that debating energy which all knew was latent, but which appeared to be wedded to its latency, so to speak. Mr. Burgess, '90, leader of the opposition, attacked the government programme with great vigor. His hands were held up by a band, not of highwaymen, but of able colleagues, amongst whom were Messrs. A. T. De Leury, '90, and C. A. Stuart, '91,—all of which is matter for congratulation. A manifest advantage which the mock parliament system has over the old plan is that it gives opportunity for deliberate destructiveness in debate. For instance, Mr. Stuart may, in the deep recesses of his heart, plot the political annihilation of the Minister of Militia, the Hon. Lieut. Coleman, and the glorious uncertainty of affairs keeps that honorable gentleman on the alert. The old style was go-as-you-please, or if you please, don't go at all; the new simply compels a certain number of members to take a lively interest in the actual or possible proceedings.

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This week the society was conducted in the ordinary way. Mr. Russell supplied the music and Mr. "Doc" McLay, '92, the reading. The subject debated was: "Resolved, that the licensing power should be taken out of the hands of the provincial parliament and given to the county councils. Messrs. G. H. Ferguson and A. M. Stewart defender the resolution, with Messrs. C. A. Stuart and R. Urquhart in opposition.

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A proposition to hold a public debate before the conversat. has been negatived. Preparations for the latter event are in progress. The programme of the musical entertainment has not been announced, but there is authority for saying that some of the foremost Canadian artists will be engaged.

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The regular weekly meeting of the Y.M.C.A. was held on Thursday afternoon. The missionary committee in whose hands the meeting was placed furnished much interesting information about Corea, the country in which our missionary, Mr. J. S. Gale, B.A., is laboring.

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Mr. Wm. Houston, M.A., was again the leading contributor to the programme of the regular meeting of the Political Science Association on Wednesday. At this meeting Mr. Houston discussed the historical continuity of the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

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Mr. D. R. Keys, M.A., extended his genial hospitality to the fourth year men to-day (Saturday).

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At the Philosophical Society of '91 on Wednesday morning Mr. S. J. Rothwell read a paper on Disinterested Action. An excellent custom has been established of late in various societies whereby the discussion of papers read is entrusted to particular members. On this occasion the duty devolved upon Mr. A. D. Meldrum.

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President Dr. Harley Smith has set an example for which many future committees of the Literary Society will rise up and call him blessed. The present committee were so fortunate as to be his guests the other evening at dinner. They are credited with having disposed most satisfactorily of all items both of *menu* and programme.

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A lengthy programme occupied the attention of the Mathematical and Physical Society on Tuesday. It consisted of a paper by Mr. T. W. Standing on Napierian Logarithms, physical experiments by Mr. Seymour and the solution of various problems of Sanscritic appearance.

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The baseball meeting the other day has caused the game to be the talk of the corridors of late. We feel very much stuck up over the result of the American trip last summer. Who said we couldn't play ball?

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Mr. Fraser Bryce has been selected to take the group photograph of the General Committee of the Literary Society. Mr. Bryce is at present engaged on the graduating group. The passer-by need not be surprised any day if he should be dazzled by a sudden display of intellect and beauty in the artist's studio window. The committee is hereby warned against taking these few remarks to itself.

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After several postponements the class of '90 has decided to hold a social re-union on Saturday evening, February 8, hit or miss. This information is reliable. NEMO.

Trinity Talk.

Rev. C. H. Short, rector of Woodbridge, was a visitor at college last week.

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The various sub-committees appointed to conduct the conversazione are hard at work and all the necessary arrangements will soon be completed. This year still another attempt has been made to prevent the great overcrowding of former years, and it is to be hoped no complaints on this score will be again heard.

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The following meetings of the Missionary and Theological Society have been arranged for the term: Monday, February 10, the first regular meeting, when Mr. T. T. Norgate will read a paper on Buddhism; Wednesday, February 25, a devotional meeting, to be conducted by Rev. J. C. Davidson of Peterboro'; Monday, March 10, regular meeting, when Mr. H. H. Bedford-Jones will read a paper on Mohammedanism.

On the Avenue.

Clancarty—Phwhat's that bundle yez hov fernignst yez?
Mrs. Clancarty—Me new shquirrel's-hair miff.
Clancarty—Well, put some shtyle on yez, an' doan' be carryin' it like it wor a barrel av pertaties!—*Judge.*

The first of the series of public lectures was delivered on Saturday last by Canon Du-Moulin. The attendance was good and among those present I noticed: Rev. Provost Body, Rev. Profs. Jones, Clark, Symonds, Messrs. J. Cunningham, Dunlop, J. H. Broughall, Rev. E. C. Cayley, Mr. A. C. M. Bedford-Jones, Mr. N. F. Davidson, Mr. Philip DuMoulin, Miss DuMoulin, Miss Maclean, the Misses Boulton, Mrs. Grantham, Mrs. Hagarty, Miss Ferguson, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Wyld, Mr. Hugh Langton, Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. Fred Carmichael, Mr. George Burton, Mr. and the Misses Strathy, Rev. J. J. Blacker, Rev. C. Softly, Mrs. Stephen Heward, Mr. Henderson, Miss Patterson. After a few words of introduction by the provost, Canon DuMoulin announced his subject as Preaching. The lecturer gave a historical review of preaching and preachers from the earliest ages to the present day as well as the distinguishing characteristics of the preachers of the different schools. He ended his lecture by earnestly counseling all young clergymen to write their sermons, pointing out the many chances of failure in endeavoring to preach extempore and giving Canon Liddon, one of the grandest preachers of the present day, for his authority. CARCUS.

John Chinaman Smiles Last.

It was on a recent Sunday afternoon. The pavements were in the slipperiest of slippery conditions as two Chinamen were slowly taking their way up Yonge street. The slowness and awkwardness of their gait was due to the fact that they had discarded their national foot gear, and were ambling along—presumably for the first time—in American shoes. Their evident difficulty in walking attracted the attention of a company of idlers who, with jeers and mocking gestures, followed the unfortunate foreigners.

One man, particularly unkind in his loud-voiced scoffing, drew upon himself the deserved contempt of the passers-by, but he did not discontinue it; on the contrary he was there for a big time and he was going to have it. He mimicked the halting gait, the uncertain movements and the timid balancing of the two Johnnies, at the same time shouting:

"Easy there, Johnnie! Why don't you brace up and walk! Where did you get that hat? Where did you get them shoes? You're a nice pair o' ducks, now, ain't you! Get down an' crawl! Down went McGin——"

Just then both his feet shot out from under him, and he sat down in deadly earnest, with a thud that sounded as if he had jarred his anatomy somewhat. A yell of derision greeted him as he picked himself up and limped down a side street, and the smiles of Wun Lung and Tching See were "child-like and bland," in the superlative degree.

Boston's Latest Fad.

The very latest fad, which has traveled about the country in the wake of the celebrated English Egyptologist, has struck Boston with full force. This is the adoption by ladies of fashion of Egyptian costumes at their afternoon teas. These costumes, which in many cases are said to be very "fetching," are modeled after the manner of the times of the Pharaohs. One of them, worn by a beautiful brunette, is described as of soft brown silk, with long, flowing sleeves, and yoke embroidered in silver. The petticoat is of striped Syrian silk in rose color and silver, with a wide sash of the same colors. The slashings of the outer gown show linings of Egyptian red. Over the shoulders hangs a brown gauze veil, embroidered in silver. Slippers in rose velvet, embroidered in silver and seed pearls, flesh-colored stockings, a brow pendant of dull gold and an antique necklace of cornelian and silver complete the costume. These gowns will no doubt be all the rage before the season is over.

His Enthusiasm Waned.

"Is Brown happy in his marriage?"
"Well, I think if Brown were to see Mrs. Brown to-day for the first time he wouldn't even ask for an introduction. Still, they don't complain."—*Life.*

A LIFE SENTENCE

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I don't know how it is," grumbled the general, "but Enid looks far better than she did before this precious engagement of hers. You made me think that she would be perfectly miserable if she had her own way; I mean Flossy, that I see no improvement."

Flossy, lying on a sofa and holding a fan over her eyes, as though to shade them from the light of her husband's bowed shoulders and venerable white head, answered languidly:

"You forget that you did only half of what you were expected to do. You would not consent to a definite engagement until she should be eighteen years old; she is eighteen now, and yet you are holding back. Suspense of such a sort is very trying to a girl."

The general, who had been standing beside her, sat down in a large arm-chair and looked very vexed.

"I don't care," he said obstinately—"I'm not going to have my little girl disposed of in such a hurry! She shall not be engaged to anybody just yet; and until she is twenty or twenty-one she sha'n't be married. Why, she's had no girlhood at all! She's just come out of the schoolroom now. Eighteen is nothing!"

"Waiting and uncertainty are bad for a girl's spirits," said Mrs. Vane. "If you don't, you please, of course, about her engagement; but you must not expect her to look delighted over the delay."

The general put his hands on his knees and leaned forward mysteriously.

"Flossy," he said, "I don't wish to make you anxious, dear; but do you think Hubert really cares for her?"

Flossy lowered her fan; there was a touch of angry color in her face.

"What are you going to say next, general? Why should Hubert have asked Enid to marry him if he were not in love with her? He had, no doubt, plenty of opportunities of asking other people."

"Yes—yes; but Enid is very sweet and very lovely, my dear. You don't often see a more beautiful girl. I should not like her to marry a man who was not attached to her."

Flossy controlled her anger, and spoke in a careless tone.

"What makes you take such fancies into your head, dear?"

"Well—more than one thing. To begin with, I found Enid wandering up and down the conservatory just now, looking as pale as a ghost, with tears in her eyes. I rallied her a little, and asked her to tell me what was the matter; but she would not say. And then I asked if it had anything to do with Hubert, and whether she had heard from him lately; and, do you know, Flossy, she has had no letter from him for a fortnight! Now, in my day, although postage was dearer than it is now, we wouldn't have waited a fortnight before writing to the woman that we loved.

"Hubert is a very busy man; he has not time for the writing of love-letters," said Flossy lightly.

"He ought not to be too busy to make her happy."

"You forget, too," said Mrs. Vane, "that Hubert has no private fortune. He's working for it than ever just now—toiling with all his might and main to gain a competency—not for his own, but for Enid's sake. Poor boy, he is often harassed on all sides!" She drew a little sigh, as if she were sorrowing for him.

"I'm sure Enid does not harass him," said the general, getting up and pacing about the room in a hurry; she is sweetness itself! And, as to money, why did he propose to her if he hadn't enough to keep her on? Of course Enid will have a nice little fortune—he needn't doubt that; but I shall tie it up pretty tightly when she marries, and settle it all upon herself. You may tell him that for me if you like, with my complimenta!" The general was excited—he was hot and breathing hard. "He must have an income to put against it—that's all; he's not going to live on his wife's fortune."

"Poor Hubert—I don't suppose he ever thought of such a thing!" said Flossy, affecting to laugh at her husband's vehemence, but weighing every word she uttered with scrupulous care. "Indeed, if he had known that she would have money, I don't suppose he would ever have asked her to marry him. He believed her to be all but penniless."

"And what right had he to believe that?" shouted the general, looking more apoplectic than ever.

At which Flossy softly sighed, said, "My nerves, dear!" closed her eyes, and held a vinaigrette to her nose.

The general was quieted at once.

"I beg your pardon, my dear—I forgot that I must not talk so loudly in your room," he said, apologetically. "But my feelings get the better of me when I think of my poor little Enid looking so white and mournful. And so Hubert's working hard for her, is he? Poor lad! Of course I shall not forget him either in my will—you can tell him so if you like—and Enid's future is assured; but he must not neglect her—mustn't let her shed tears and make those pretty blue eyes of hers dim, you know—you must tell him that."

"The general grows more and more foolish every day," said Flossy to herself, with disgust—"a garrulous old dotard!" But she spoke very sweetly.

"I will talk to him if you like, dear; but I do not think that he means to hurt or neglect poor Enid. He is coming down to-morrow to spend Easter with us; that will please her, will it not? I have been keeping it a secret from her; I wanted to give her a surprise. It will bring the color back to her pale cheeks—will it not, you kind, sympathetic old dear?"

Flossy's white hand was laid caressingly on the general's arm. The old soldier rose to the bait. He raised it at once to his mouth, and kissed it as devoutly as ever he had saluted the hand of his queen.

"My dear," he said, "you are always right; you are a wonderful woman—so clever, so beautiful, so good!" Did she know how sick he was of hearing the words? "I will leave it in your hands—you know how to manage every one!"

"My Richard," said Flossy, with a faint smile, "all that I do is for your sake."

And with these words she dismissed him radiantly happy.

Left to her own meditations, the expression of her face changed at once; it grew stern, hard, and cold; there was an unyielding look about the lines of her features which reminded one of the fixity of a mask or a marble statue. She lay perfectly motionless for a time, her eyes fixed on the door, until before her; then she put out her hand and touched a bell at her side.

Almost immediately the door opened to admit her maid—a thin, sallow woman with dark eyes, and curly dark hair disposed so as to hide the tell-tale wrinkles on her brow and the crow's-feet at the corners of her eyes. She wore pink bows and a smart little cap and apron of youthful style; but it would have been evidently to the eye of a keen observer that she was no longer young. She closed the door behind her and came to her mistress's side.

Florence paused for a minute or two, then spoke in a voice of so harsh and metallic a quality that her husband would scarcely have recognised it as hers.

"You have been neglecting your duty. You have not made any report to me for nearly a week."

"You have not asked me for one, ma'am."

"I do not expect to have to ask you. You are to come to me whenever there is anything to say."

The woman stood silent; but there was a protest in her very bearing, in the pose of her hands, the expression of her mouth and eyebrows. Flossy looked at her once, then turned her head away and said—

"Go on."

"There is nothing of importance to tell you, ma'am."

"How do you know what is important and what is not? For instance, Miss Enid was seen by the general crying in the conservatory this morning. I want to know why she cried."

The maid—whose name was Parker—sniffed significantly as she replied:

"It's not easy to tell why young ladies cry, ma'am. The wind's in the east—perhaps that has something to do with it."

"Oh, very well" said Mrs. Vane, coldly. "If the wind is in the east, and that is all, Parker, you have better give some position in the world in which your talents will be of more use to you than they are to me. I will give you a month's pay instead of the usual notice, and you can leave Beechfield to-night."

The maid's face turned a little pale.

"I am sure I beg pardon, ma'am," she said rather hurriedly; "I didn't mean that I had nothing to say. I—I've served you as well as I could, ma'am, ever since I came. There was something not unlike a tear in her beady black eyes.

"Have you?" said her mistress indifferently. "Then let me hear what you have been doing during the last fortnight. If your notes are not worth hearing"—she made a long pause, which Parker felt to be ominous, and then continued, "I shall expect to have my report every night, and no doubt your mother will be glad to see you, character or no character."

"Oh, ma'am, you wouldn't go for to be so cruel, would you?" cried Parker the unwise, evidently on the verge of a flood of tears. "Without a character, ma'am, I'm sure I couldn't get a decent place; and you know my mother has only what I earn to live upon. You wouldn't turn me off at a moment's notice for—"

"You are wasting a great deal of time," said Flossy coldly. "Say what you have to say, and I will be the judge as to whether you have or have not obeyed my orders. Where are your notes?"

Smothering a sob, Parker drew from her pocket a little book, from which she proceeded to read aloud. But her voice was so thick, her articulation so indistinct by reason of her half-suppressed sobbing, that Flossy, with an exclamation of impatience, Mrs. Vane turned and took the book straight out of her hands.

"You read abominably, Parker!" she said. "Where is it? Let me see. 'Sunday'—oh, yes, I know all about Sunday!—'Church, Sunday-school, afternoon walk.' What's this? 'Mr. Evandale walked home with Miss E. from afternoon school.' I never heard of that! Where were you?"

"Walking behind them, ma'am."

"Could you hear anything? What do your notes say? H'm! 'They walked very slow and spoke soft—could not hear a word.' At the park gates Mr. E. took her hand and held it while he talked. Miss E. seemed to be crying. The last thing he said was, 'You know you may always trust me.' Then he went down the road again, and Miss E. came home. Monday.—Miss E. very pale and down-like. Indoors all morning teaching Master D. Walked up to the village with him after his dinner; went to the schools; saw Mr. E. and walked along the hill with him. Mr. E. seemed more cheerful, and made her laugh several times. The rest of the day Miss E. spent indoors. Tuesday.—Miss E. teaching Master Dick till twelve. Riding with the master till two. Lunch and needlework till four. Mr. Evandale came to call. Why was I never told Mr. Evandale came to call?" said Flossy, starting up a little and fixing her eyes, bright with a wrathful red gleam in their brown depths, upon the shrinking maid.

"I don't know, ma'am. I thought that you had been told."

Flossy sank back amongst her cushions, biting her lip; but she resumed her reading without further comment.

"'Stayed an hour, part of the time with Miss E. alone, then with the master. Little Master Dick in and out most of the time. Nothing special, as far as I could tell. Wednesday.—Miss E. walked with Master Dick to the village after lessons. Went into Miss Meldreth's shop to buy sweets, but did not stay more than a few minutes. Passed the rectory gate; Mr. E. came running after them with a book. I was near enough to see Miss E. color up beautiful at the sight of him. They did not talk much together. In the afternoon Miss E. rode over to Whitminster with the general. After tea—'Yes, I see," said Mrs. Vane, suddenly stopping short—"there is nothing more of any importance."

She lay silent for a time, with her finger between the pages of the note-book. Parker waited, trembling, not daring to speak until she was spoken to.

"Take your book," said Mrs. Vane at last, "and be careful. No, you need not go into ecstacies"—seeing from Parker's clasped hands that she was about to utter a word of gratitude. "I shall keep you no longer than you are useful to me—do you understand? Go on following Miss Vane; I want to know whom she sees, where she goes, what she does—if possible, what she talks about. Write down letters—letters, I mean, besides those that come in the post-bag!"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Make it your business to know, then. You can go;" and Flossy turned away her face, so as not to see Parker's rather blundering exit.

"Too much of a fool," said Flossy, with a contemptuously, when Parker had gone; "but I think she is—so far—a faithful fool. These women who have made a muddle of their lives are admirable tools; they are always so afraid of being found out;" and Flossy smiled cynically, although at the same moment she was conscious that she shared the peculiarity of the women of whom she spoke—she also was afraid of being found out.

She had come across Parker before her marriage, when she was in Scotland. The woman had then been detected in theft and in an intrigue with one of the grooms, and had been immediately dismissed from service; but Flossy had chosen to seek her out and befriend her—not from any charitable motive, but because she had discarded maids in a person whom it might be useful to have at beck and call. Parker's bedridden mother was dependent upon her; and her one fear in life was that this secret should get to know her true story and be deprived of support. Upon this fear Mrs. Vane traded very skilfully; and, having installed Parker in the place of lady's-maid to herself and her husband's niece, she obtained accurate information concerning Enid's movements and actions, supplied from a source with Enid never even suspected.

Such knowledge was generally very useful to Flossy; but at present she was puzzled by certain words she had spoken to her by Parker. "What does this constant meeting with Mr. Evandale mean?" she asked herself. Then her thoughts went back to the day of Mrs. Meldreth's death—a day which she never remembered without a shudder. She knew very well that the poor old woman had bitterly repented of her share of a deed to which her daughter Sabina and Mrs. Vane had urged her; it had been as much as Mrs. Vane and Sabina, by their united efforts, could do to make her hold her tongue. No fear of the general's vengeance, of Sabina's disgrace, of punishment of any kind, would have caused her silence very much longer. The old woman had said again and again that she could not bear—in her own words—"to see Miss Enid kept out of her own." She used to come to Flossy's boudoir and sit there crying and entreating that she might be allowed to tell the general the truth. She did not seem to care when she was reminded that she herself would probably be punished, and that Sabina and Mrs. Vane had nothing but ruin before them if the truth were known. She had the fear of death on her soul—the fear that her sin would bring her eternal misery.

"You are a wickedly selfish woman!" Flossy once said to her, with as near an approach to passion as her temperament would allow. "You think of nothing but your own salvation. Our ruin, body and soul, does not matter to you."

And indeed this was true. The terrors of the law had gotten hold of Mrs. Meldreth's conscience. The woman had been taught by a religion in which she believed, had pierced her heart. She would have given everything she had in the world to be able to follow the advice given in her prayer-book, to go to a "discreet and learned minister of God's Word"—Mr. Evandale, for instance—and unburden her conscience by opening her grief to him. But both Sabina and Mrs. Vane were prepared to go to almost any length before they would give her the chance of doing this.

Mrs. Vane was of course the leading spirit of the three. Where Sabina only raved and stormed Mrs. Vane reasoned and persuaded. She argued, threatened, coaxed, bribed, in turns; she gave Mrs. Meldreth as much money as she could spare, and promised more if she would keep her secret; but the poor woman—at first open to persuasion—grew more and more difficult to restrain, and became at last almost imbecile from the pressure of her overwhelmed mind. Flossy had begun seriously to consider the expediency of inducing Sabina to consign her mother to a madhouse, or to employ violent means for the shortening of her days on earth—there was nothing at which her soul would have revolted if her own prosperity depended on the accomplishment of this end. Meldreth's natural illness and death removed all necessity for extreme measures.

Nothing indeed could have been more fortunate for Flossy and her accomplice than Mrs. Meldreth's death, had it not been for the circumstance that the dying woman had seen Sabina and Mrs. Vane and Evandale during her last moments. Flossy wondered angrily why Sabina had been so foolish as to admit them. She had heard nothing from Enid, who had kept her room for a couple of days after her return from Mrs. Meldreth's death bed; but she was certain something had now been known to the girl which had not been known before. Flossy had tried to question her, to reprove her even for going into the houses of the old woman's tenants; but Enid had took the girl's eyes, a frozen defiance and horror in her face, which made Mrs. Vane shrink back aghast. Though silent and very determinative in manner, Enid had hitherto never shown any dislike to Flossy, and had been as scrupulously attentive to her wishes as if she were still a child; but these days of implicit obedience were past. Enid now quietly did what she chose. She seldom spoke to Florence at all; and on several occasions she had maintained her own purpose and choice with a calmness and steadfastness which had almost terrified Mrs. Vane. What would have thought that Enid had a character! The girl had emancipated herself from all control, without words, without open rebellion; she had looked Flossy straight in the face once or twice, and Flossy had been compelled to yield.

Yes, Enid knew something—she was sure of that—but what she could not tell. She had never questioned Sabina Meldreth in person about the scene at her mother's death-bed—on principle, Flossy made herself all painful and exciting interviews; but she had had a few lines from Sabina—sent to Beechfield Hall on the day of her mother's funeral.

"Miss Vane knows nothing—I don't know how much," Sabina had written. "The parson wants to know, but couldn't get to hear. Maybe Miss Vane has told him. If she has, the parish won't hold you nor me."

"Abominably brusque and rude!" Flossy said to herself, as she threw the scrap of paper from its hiding place. "But one cannot mold clay without soiling one's fingers, I suppose. It is months since Mrs. Meldreth died; and evidently Enid knows no more than before, or has made up her mind to keep the secret. But what do these meetings with Mr. Evandale mean? Is the confiding her trouble to him then? The little fool! I must see Sabina Meldreth, and Hubert too. What a good thing I had written to him! Sufficiently rough—not to take of pleasing Miss Enid, as the general fondly supposes! I must send for Sabina."

But the wish seemed to have brought about its own fulfilment. At the very moment Parker knocked at her mistress' door.

"Will you see Miss Meldreth, ma'am? She says she would like a few words with you, if you can see her. She's downstairs."

"Bring Sabina Meldreth to me," said Mrs. Vane.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Flossy's first instinctive desire was to rise from her sofa and receive Sabina Meldreth standing—not at all by reason of politeness, but as an intimation that the interview was not intended to be a long one. On second thoughts, she lay quiet. A show of languor and indifference was more likely to produce an impression on Sabina than excitement. Mrs. Vane closed her heavy white eyelids, and did not raise them until the fair-haired woman in black whom Hubert had noticed with the singers on New Year's Eve was standing beside her couch.

"I thought you was asleep," said Miss Meldreth, with a slightly insolent air. "Some people can sleep through anything."

"All the better for them," answered Mrs. Vane drily. "Why have you come?" She was not going to admit that she had been longing to see her visitor.

"I've come for the usual thing," said Sabina doggedly—"I want some money."

"You had some last month."

"Yes, and had to spend three times for it—and be bothered about my rent. You're not carrying on business on fair terms, Mrs. Vane. I want to have a clear understanding, rather managed all the money-matters before; but she's gone now, and I should like something definite.

"What do you mean by 'definite'?"

"Either money down or regular quarterly payments, ma'am. You owe me that when you think of all I've done for you."

"Have I done nothing for you, then," said Flossy, with a red gleam in her brown eyes, "in saving you from disgrace, adding you of a comfortable home, and supporting your mother till her death, and giving you money whenever you have asked for it? Is that nothing at all, Sabina Meldreth?"

"It's something, of course," said Sabina stolidly; "but it ain't enough. I want fifty pounds a quarter, and I'll make it fifty or but that, I'm thinking of going back to Whitminster, where there won't be so many people poking and prying about and asking questions.

"Going back to Whitminster! That would be worth paying for indeed! But Flossy showed no sign of gratification.

"What people have been asking questions?"

"The parson, for one."

"And who else?"

"Well," said Sabina, rather reluctantly, "I won't say that there's anyone else. But the parson's been at me more than once, and he keeps his eye upon me and preaches at me in church—and I won't stand it!"

"Why do you go to church" said Mrs. Vane, with a faint sneer.

"Because, if I don't, people would say I wasn't respectable," snapped Miss Meldreth; "and it's no good flying in their faces that way."

"Oh! Then you wish to be thought respectable?"

"Yes, I do; and, what's more, so do you, Mrs. Vane, in your own way. You're too high and mighty, and pretend to be too ill to have to go to church; but, if you were poor, and heard what folks say of them that stop away, you'd go yourself."

"Possibly," said Flossy; "We are in different circumstances. Now tell me—why has Mr. Evandale questioned you?"

"Because of what he heard when mother lay dying, of course. I wrote and warned you at the time."

"You should have said more then. You should have come and told me the whole story. Tell it me now."

It was a proof of Flossy's curious power over certain natures that Sabina Meldreth, wild and undisciplined as she was, shrank from thought of resisting her will when in her very presence. She sat down on a chair that Mrs. Vane pointed out to her, and recounted, in rapid and not illchosen words, the story she had passed in her mother's room in the presence of the rector and of Enid Vane. Flossy listened silently, tapping her lips from time to time with her fan.

When the story was ended, she turned on her visitor with a terrible flash of her usually sleepy eyes.

"You fool," she said, without however raising her voice—"you fool! You have known this all these months, and have never made your way to me to tell it! How was I to know that the matter was so important? How was I to suspect? I guessed something, of course; but not this! Why, Sabina Meldreth, we are at the mercy of that child's discretion! She has us in her hands—she can crush us when she pleases, and ruin us and earth—and to think that I did not know!"

"You might have known," said Sabina sullenly. "I've been to the house more than twice. I've written and said that I wanted to see you. I don't think it's me that's been the fool." But the last sentence was uttered almost in a whisper.

"No, I have been careless—I have been to blame!" said Flossy, a feverish spot of color showing itself in her white cheeks. "So she knows—she knows! That is why she looks at me so strangely; that is why she avoids me and will hardly speak to me. I understand her now."

"Maybe," said Sabina, "she thought mother was raving, or didn't understand her aright."

"No, no; she understood—she believed it. But why has she kept silence? She hates me, and she might have ruined me—she might have secured Beechfield for herself by this time! What a little fool she must be!"

(To be Continued.)

At the Theater.

1790.

A hundred years ago this monstrosity was what the male theater-goer had to encounter.

1840.

Fifty years ago a merciful providence had softened the hearts and en-lightened the heads of the ladies.

1890.

In this era of Woman's Rights hapless man hides his diminished head behind something like this or worse.

Not Rehearsed.

Apropos of nothing at all, ladies, did you ever sit down unexpectedly!

Of course, we all know what it is to adjust our plaits Salisbury-wise and sink prettily into the corner of the lounge. But did you ever sit down without the least intention beforehand! Did you ever feel how potent is the law of gravitation to triumph over all agility, dignity, grace and decorum? I have, and precious little sympathy or courtesy is extended to one upon such occasions.

I confess that I myself have frequently smiled serenely at the toppling over of some stout matron, and felt a certain amusement at the absolute, utter and hopless loss of dignity attendant upon such occasions.

But then, my own personal experience should have been different. I am young, slender (exceedingly slender) and beautiful.

When I took a seat on the corner of Broad and Twenty-third street the other day I really was provoked at the absolute lack of good-breeding expressed upon the faces of the men who happened to be passing by.

A seat on the corner of the lounge is all right, but a seat on the corner of Twenty-third street is different.

The big, red headed policeman who hovers about the scene of my misfortune (and fr whom I have a peculiar fondness because of a pleasant, unexpected incident, memory is mention), did hasten toward me and gallantly rescue my new English derby from the gutter; but none of the men and women who, a moment before had been following me with envy and admiration of my noble bearing, offered the slightest assistance. Not that I needed it—bless you, no!

In an instant, I had taken up the cable where I "let go," and was calmly pursuing my way down Broadway, suddenly remembering that I had business at Falk's, and deciding to turn in there, as it was quiet and convenient.

In fact, I do not think that until that moment I had ever quite appreciated Mr. Falk.

He is really a most excellent photographer. However, I shall not dispute the equal ability of Mr. Sarony. In the event of a similar catastrophe in the vicinity of Union Square I should probably call upon Mr. Sarony.

I have often heard the emotional lady exclaim: "Oh heaven! Let me get away! Away from the sneers and jeers of the cruel world. Let me hide myself!" And then she faints, and disappears, as she goes off C. D. in E. I went off into Falk's.

I have never been in need of any particular friend or confidant, since I forgot the address of my last affinity, some years ago—if I told you how old I am you would naturally guess how many years ago; but there are times when a woman's heart must have the sustaining support of human companionship.

Speaking of this little occurrence reminds me of a young acquaintance of mine who seems to have been born for repeated salutations of his mother earth.

Not to speak of the occasion when, not content with falling down himself, he decided to pull a set-house on top of him, thus necessitating a most tragic and heartrending climax to an act which had been previously running on lines of the most delicate comedy, he was unfortunate enough to be the hero of a little sensation, still pleasantly remembered by the New Orleans public.

Before I proceed, let me say that the most agreeable artistic attribute of the young gentleman in question was a certain air of deep-voiced dignity, which is possessed by many of our actors—when they are upon the stage.

To continue: The scene, a moonlit beach; the characters, father and son, seated upon a bench, centre, the former confessing the crime of which he—the old man—is guilty.

The lines at the end of the disclosure were: "And so, by this I have dragged you from your high estate—you, my own beloved son. I have thrust you down, down, to the level of my shame!"

The old man rises, bowed with grief. The son pauses, and then exclaims, with suppressed emotion: "My God! Father, what have you done?"

Upon the occasion of which I speak, the side of the bench occupied by the son, went down, when the old gentleman get up, and as the latter delivered his exclamation, "My God! Father, what have you done?" the old man had a peculiar, *piquant* significance, which, as I said, is still pleasantly remembered.

I recall being "The Two Orphans" one afternoon in St. Louis. You, of course, know that great entrance of the Chevalier, in the thirteenth or fourteenth act, where he bursts in the door, and steps jaunty between Jacques and Pierre, commanding: "Up with your swords," etc.

The stage was one of those wretched, slanting affairs, and the Chevalier, accomplishing the neatest slide I ever saw, spoke the last words of the speech confidentially into the surprised ear of the base-drummer, whom he had joined in the orchestra.

As Elliot says: "Sometimes even the greatest of us must sneeze!"—*Scirpac in the Dramatic Mirror.*

She—See poor Fido gasp—what can be the matter!

He—Maybe his pants don't fit him.—*Life.*

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THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

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CHAPTER XXX.

When Stanley Gerant opened her eyes again, she was on her bed in her room, her father was sitting by her side; the autumnal sunshine was pouring in through the half-drawn curtains; she felt strangely weak.

"Father," she said, smiling as she met his anxious eyes, "there is nothing wrong, is there? You are with me—"

"Yes, my darling"—tenderly.

"And you only!" she queried, as she glanced round the room. "I thought Hugh— But there is no one but you.

She lay still for a few moments as if trying to recollect; then she said abruptly:

"What day is it?"

He told her. It was the day after that which had been fixed for her wedding; only a few hours had passed since Hugh had left her—they had slipped by during her unconsciousness. Whether she had been asleep or in a swoon, she did not know.

"There is no one else," she said, putting out one weak hand to her father; "there never will be any one but you, father. You must not leave me again."

Sir Humphrey put his arm about her, and raised her on her pillows so that her head rested on his shoulder. She was silent for a few minutes; then she put up her hand and rested it upon his neck. It seemed to the anxious old man as if she had become a child again in her weakness and dependence on him. Her head rested upon his shoulder as it had so often done in her childhood; her loosened hair fell over him as her childish curls had done. He remembered her lying in the same way fifteen years before, when she was recovering from some childish illness.

"Hugh has been here, father," she whispered. "He came last night; but he will not come again. We have parted for ever! You must not be angry with him, dear," she added gently; "he was ill, or he would not have come. He was very good to me."

She had spoken brokenly, in disjointed sentences, with a touching simplicity; but, as her father held his peace, she moved her head a little, so that her eyes could rest upon his face.

"You are not angry!" she said slowly. "He was very unhappy, father, and—and so good and true!"

The words seemed to pierce his heart; they were spoken so simply, but with such tenderness.

"No, my darling," he replied tremulously, "I am not angry. I am only broken-hearted for you and for him."

"Thank you, father!" she returned gently, nestling closer to him, while he saw, with a bitter pang, how white and wan her face was, and how changed from the proud beauty which had so gladdened his heart and eyes.

For two days Stanley kept in her own room, the face resting upon the pillows almost as colorless as the linen itself, but she made no complaint of illness or suffering. It was only fatigue, she said; she was very tired and wanted rest—that was all. Her father spent many hours with her. Sometimes he read to her for a little while; sometimes they talked; sometimes—and this occurred most often—they were silent, while Sir Humphrey held his daughter's hand in his and sat looking gloomily and meditatively into the fire.

On the third day she left her bed, and insisted on being dressed in spite of all Benson's entreaties. She had rested enough, she said, and she wished to go down and surprise her father in the library. Benson dressed her in a pretty soft white woolen gown, made loosely and in a style which hid the girl's wasted figure; and, before she left the room, Stanley took up a rough Turkish towel and tried to bring some color to her cheeks. She succeeded too; but it was only a transient flush; it had faded before she reached the top of the broad staircase, where she paused, breathless and trembling in her weakness. Her hand shook as she laid it upon the carved balustrade; she went very slowly down the shallow carpeted stairs, and then, crossing the hall, entered the library.

Her father was there alone. He did not see her at first; and she stood still for a moment looking at him with wistful eyes. There was an air of solitariness about him which brought a pang of bitter pain to her heart. He sat, leaning forward in his great elbow-chair, his eyes fixed upon the fire, pale, grave, sorrowful. As she looked at him she thought of the night when she went into the dining-room and learned the bitter truth which had darkened her life. It seemed to her now, as it had seemed then, that there was no other course open to her but the one she had taken. Her father must be first; she could not marry against his will, and so shut her doors against him in his solitary old age. Hugh was young and strong—he could bear his suffering; and she must do the same.

She was still standing watching her father when he rose, and, turning to the door, saw her. There was a look of utter helplessness and weariness on her face; all signs of deep feeling, of passion, of pain, had vanished. The sight of her pitiful face caused Sir Humphrey more pain than the bitterest tears, the wildest lamentations could have done.

He advanced to meet her, holding out his hand; it was not quite steady, the girl saw, as she laid her own in it.

"This is a welcome surprise, dear!" he said gently, as he drew her over to the fireside. "Are you strong enough to be down-stairs, Stanley?" he added, anxiously, as he saw that she sank heavily into the chair he placed for her, and that she was breathing quickly.

"Oh, yes," she replied, smiling at him, although there were tears in her eyes—"I am glad to be here with you, dear!"

When he had resumed his seat she left her own, and sat down on a footstool at his feet, slipping her hand into his.

"You are glad to have me down, aren't you?" she asked, with a pretty, sorrowful smile. "You have been lonely without me, I am afraid!"

"I am always lonely without you," he said, tenderly; and the girl rested her weary head against his arm and drew his hand softly to her lips.

Sir Humphrey's heart thrilled with love and pity at their touch. He had been cruel to her, he told himself; but she had not ceased to love him.

All her life they had been so much to each other. She was an only child, he was her only parent; she had no mother, he had no one; and they loved each other with no common love. There was a mist before his eyes as he gazed upon her; it was not the mist of blindness in this pale, pretty, weary girl his imperious beautiful daughter, whose pride had pleased him because it matched his own.

They were silent for a few minutes, while the fire, blazing up, filled the room with a ruddy glow. The day was cold and a fine drizzling rain was falling. Stanley rested wearily against her father's arm. The effort she had made had tired her; the rest and silent companionship were pleasant; her hand lay upon her father's knee, white and fragile, and so thin that it was almost transparent.

"Stanley," Sir Humphrey said at last, breaking the long silence, "have you had no hard thoughts of your father during these sorrowful days?"

The girl sighed, but replied quietly—

"No, dear."

"And you have been content to suffer," he continued, "and to forgive me for causing your suffering?"

"It was not you, father," she whispered, unsteadily; "you could not do otherwise. Ah, do not talk of it!" she added, tremulously. "I cannot bear it yet!"

"I have caused you so much suffering," he said, sadly; "that you will forgive me a little more, Stanley. I have something I want to say to you, my daughter."

"I am listening, father," she returned, rather faintly.

He was silent again for some moments; then he said:

"You say that I could not have done otherwise, Stanley; and it seemed to me at the time that there was but one course open to me. But I was wrong, dear; I see now that I was wrong."

She raised her eyes wonderingly to his face, but said nothing; there was not the faintest suspicion of his intentions in her mind.

"We Gerants," he continued, "have always held our unstained honor as our most precious possession; and I think we have been right in so doing. We have endeavored to do our duty; and to keep the word we had given; and we have always done honor to—until now." He paused for a moment, then went on more firmly. "Until now! Stanley, will you try to forgive me, dear, that I, your father, should have been false to a promise given?"

He felt the sudden rapid beating of her heart under his hand, and he saw the gleam of eagerness in her eyes.

"I have been thinking," he went on gently, "that no deeper disgrace can fall upon our name than such an accusation of disloyalty as Hugh Cameron can bring against us."

"Father," she whispered breathlessly—"oh, father!"

"I have been thinking, too, Stanley," he went on, "that no truer gentleman, no more honorable man ever bore our name, and that, had he borne it, he would have done it honor. I have been thinking that his mother's sin, although it has deprived him of much that the world values, and rightly values, has not taken from him any of the bravery, the honesty, the large-heartedness for which we loved him—for I loved him too, Stanley; and, in a word, my darling, I was wrong to wound him away. Will you ask him to come back?"

Startled, almost incredulously, she uttered a cry of joy which rang through the room; she was clinging to him, panting and breathless, with both her trembling hands.

"Father!" she gasped—"oh, father, is it true?"

"You must ask him to forgive an old man's prejudice," Sir Humphrey said, tenderly. "Tell him that I have learnt that there are higher things than name and birth. Will you write to him, my daughter, or shall I?"

"Father, may I? Have you thought it over well?" she whispered, when she could speak. "Dearest father, I think I could not bear to lose him again. It would kill me!"

"My dearest, do you think I would try you so cruelly?" he asked gently, "I have been cruel enough to you, Heavens knows; but at first it seemed impossible that you could ever be his wife. I could not bear the thought for you or for myself. And you were so good and brave, my Stanley, that you almost persuaded me to believe that it was of less moment to you than it was—that your love for Hugh was less deep than I thought. Do you think he will forgive us, Stanley—me for my breach of faith, and you for your obedience?"

She was sobbing passionately now as he held her to his heart; but it was a changed face which she raised to his a moment later—a face transfigured by joy and beautiful in its eagerness and half-incredulous relief.

"Father, are you sure?" she whispered. "Are you sure you will not regret? It was so painful to you to think of the stain upon his name!"

"It is painful to think of it still," he said sadly. "But it is on his name only, and not upon himself, Stanley," he added gravely. "I fear, if the secret were known to many, that even now I should not have strength of mind enough to do what I know is right. But, if it has not become known all these years, it is not likely to transpire now. Whoever apprised me of it has kept his or her peace till now, and perhaps did it solely from a wish that I should be made aware of circumstances which it was clearly right that I should know. I think that Mr. Cameron and Lady Sara were wrong to keep such a secret from you, Stanley; but I can imagine how painful it was to them to speak of what they hoped was buried in oblivion long since."

"It is such a sad story!" said Stanley tearfully. "Father, forgive them! They suffered so much, and they have done no wrong."

"Lady Sarah did wrong, dear," he answered gravely—"she concealed the fact of her first marriage from her husband."

"But she repented, oh, how bitterly!—and she was punished severely! Her life since then has been a martyrdom, father!"

"She will have a devoted little daughter to brighten it soon," he said gently. "I could tell her, Stanley, what a blessing that is."

She smiled through her tears; then, as she brushed them away, she looked up eagerly into his face.

"Father, you have quite decided?" she asked. "You are not making yourself happy for me?"

"No, my dearest," he answered. "I will not try to disguise from you that I would, with all my heart, that the stain did not exist; but, even with that stain, Stanley, I should prefer Hugh Cameron for a son to any other man I know."

"Oh, father, thank you, dear, dearest father!" she sobbed joyfully, hiding her face upon his shoulder. "Oh, father, you have made me so happy!"

"Thank Heaven, dear!" he answered. "I feared that I had broken your heart."

They were silent for a while; it was like the calm which follows a storm. Stanley's face was serene and peaceful, even though the tears still hung on her long lashes.

"And now," Sir Humphrey said presently, "who will write to this poor boy? Am I to do it, or will you, Stanley?"

She rose slowly to her feet, a faint blush tinting the ivory pallor of her face.

"I will write to him, father," she replied shyly. "I will go now at once and write."

"And"—he smiled, holding her from him as he looked down at the sweet changed face, which had lost all its weariness—"you think when he has the letter he will come?"

The faint blush deepened, and the long lashes dropped upon the happy eyes.

"Yes," she said demurely; "I think that—it is possible that he may come."

(To be Continued.)

Love and Football.

Frazier Ashurst, '97, of Pennsylvania, was the first man who ever combined the tender passion and the game of football. It was in the fall of '97, on Princeton's gridiron. Ashurst had spent the summer at Harbor and had been given a chain bangle by some girl there, with a padlock attached, which the girl presumably locked and his wrist. He played end-rush on the Philadelphia eleven, and, in the first half, the man opposite to him complained that Ashurst had hurt him with his rings. The man was laughed at and silenced, but a little while later he showed a scar on the side of his face which decided the umpire to investigate. He examined Ashurst's hands and found the bangle. He told him to take it off, which Ashurst promptly refused to do. They called the referee, who directed down into his pocket for his book of rules, but the rules had nothing to say about bangles. He told Ashurst he must take it off or leave the field. Ashurst said the referee had no right to make him follow either alternative. He had promised to wear it as long as he lived, and he would. The referee finally ruled that bangles came under the head of "spikes on the shoes" and were unpermissable adjuncts to football costume. Sooner than stop playing, Ashurst borrowed a knife and filed off the gold chain, to the grinning delight of the teams and the disgust of the girls on the stand.—*Argonaut.*

An Expert Opinion.

Wa bhee—Melican man's cigalette no good! —*Puck.*

Mistook Him for a Lady.

"I shall assuredly cut that beast Scapleigh dead the vewy next time I have a chance!" exclaimed little Mr. De Byrd, with a lady-like flirt of his hand and twist of his sweet head, as he flounced out of the state department.

"Why, Lady, what has he been doing now, to make you so vewy angwy?" tenderly inquired his friend Simpersnip.

"Why the brute was in the elevatah, and when I entwed he took off his hat and held it in his hand until I got off. Weally, I won't endwah his insults much longah."

He Knew the Ropes.

Principal—So you want to leave me and go into business for yourself.

Clerk—Yes, sir.

"But you have hardly had sufficient experience."

"Not had sufficient experience? Haven't I gone through two bankruptcies with you? I don't think I've got much more to learn."

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondences Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

RIBAL.—Self-reliant, vivacious and vain.

ELBANOR.—Wilful, erratic and sincere.

CLARA A.—Selfish, self-willed, and undecided.

IDA.—Persevering, self-reliant and affectionate.

EVA.—Decision, independence and perseverance.

LUCY LA.—High-spirited, determined and orderly.

FRANCES A.—Original, independent and gay-hearted.

WILD COLT.—Wilful, warm-hearted and persevering.

VIVIA.—Practical, persevering and fond of admiration.

BEATRICE A.—Impulsive, hasty-tempered and careless.

MARION LESLIE.—Kind-hearted, decided and persevering.

GALE C., Bowmanville.—Witty, self-reliant and hopeful.

MARIAN A.—Decision, precision and fondness for admiration.

ELITE.—Vivacity, wilfulness and determination are here displayed.

EVELYN H.—Selfishness, determination and impulse are exhibited here.

MONETA R., Craigleith.—Writing displays carelessness, vanity and self-will.

EDNA E. E.—Prudence, courage and sincerity are exhibited by this writing.

KITTERS.—Perseverance, self-reliance and a mirthful spirit are here indicated.

REBA.—Self-esteem, sincerity and decision are indicated by the enclosed specimen.

MARGIE, Bell-ville.—Order, neatness, decision and vivacity are displayed by your writing.

NAPOLEA, Belleville.—Energy, carelessness, vanity and a merry disposition are shown here.

MIS. BAG., Hamilton.—Orderly, fond of admiration, persevering and with good intuition.

VIOLA, Kincardine.—Your writing denotes perseverance, self-reliance, self-esteem and even temper.

CHIPPEWA, Ottawa.—Independence, cheerfulness, perseverance and determination are prominent here.

ARGILA, Hamilton.—Wilfulness, sensitiveness and vanity are the principal characteristics of your writing.

DOR, Belleville.—Writing shows self-esteem, self-honesty, sentimentality, independence and susceptibility to flattery.

MARY GREY, St. Thomas.—I should say that the proportions are good. Writing denotes impulse, carelessness and self-will.

WINKIE.—Nothing but a strong resolve will keep you from it. Writing denotes nervousness, self-reliance and hasty temper.

SHIPS, Muskoka.—Apply carbolic acid, being careful not to touch the surrounding skin. Writing denotes sincerity, mirth and decision.

SILK WORM, New York.—Writing indicates a practical, self-assertive nature, decision and self-esteem. Many thanks for kind words.

BEE.—Your writing exhibits self-esteem, mirth, decision and a happy combination of order in small things and carelessness in great ones.

FLAVY.—Your writing shows generosity, thoughtfulness, prudence and prudence. The enclosed exhibits energy, cheerfulness and decision.

TOPSY, St. Catharines.—Your writing exhibits much decision, impulse and vivacity. You are doubtless fond of admiration, self-reliant and original.

HELEN MARGERY, Inverroll.—Indecision, sensitiveness, much romance of feeling and fair perseverance are shown by your writing. Many thanks for kind words.

INCORRIGIBLE, Hamilton.—Decided, affectionate, merry and rather selfish. I regret hearing you speak so harshly of yourself. Do you not think you exaggerate it some?

MARCELLA, Nix, Woodstock.—Writing here is at Danvers, Mass., and he is eighty-two years old. Your writing denotes an erratic temperament, energy, wilfulness and impulse.

CLAYE (enclosed with Evelyn H.'s).—Your writing is almost illegible. The pseudonym is only a guess. Carelessness, eccentricity, fondness for admiration, and originality are strongly marked.

IRA, Clinton.—I do not know who wrote "Sometimes." The name has been lost. If Lot of London wrote it, perhaps, seeing this, the writer will send name and address to me. Do not send stamps.

YEZDON NAMLCAN.—Bathe the parts affected in hot salt and water, and avoid exposure to varied temperatures for a few days. Writing indicates force of character, kindly but reserved nature and generosity.

DUMPS.—Writing shows heedlessness, self esteem, a gay and sanguine disposition and originality. A crank is a man who has one idea and lives up to it. Moreover he wants to make the whole machinery of life move exactly as he does. No, dear Dumps, I hope you are not a "crank."

MERCY.—Writing denotes business ability, a reserved and somewhat repellant manner, but a thoroughly kind heart. I have never seen Mrs. Brown-Potter, and cannot tell you the exact color of her hair. It is said to be reddish brown, and so is yours. Whether of the shade or not, it is certainly pretty.

SCEPTIC, Hamilton.—Reserved, precise and a little vain. Perhaps you exhaust yourself in trying to be entertaining. Be kind, gentle and thoroughly natural. Some people make friends quickly and lose them speedily; others are slow in forming friendships but they are lasting. It is owing, I suppose, to intuition and impulse.

MACBETH.—I do not quite understand you, I am afraid. I gather, however, that you are a little jealous of them. That should not be, for you have, as far as I can see, no cause. To the question regarding gifts, it is only possible to say that circumstances, such as the degree and length of the friendship, are always to be considered.

Magazines.

The January number of the *Atlantic*, though replete with good things, will contain no more interesting article for many people than the contribution from the veteran Oliver Wendell Holmes. Dr. Holmes continues in this number his talk Over the Teacups, begun in the *Atlantic* for March, 1888. He discourses in this paper on Old Age, a subject on which no one is better fitted to write than the octogenarian Autocrat. Writing of his readers in his introduction he says: "I think there are many among them who would rather listen to an old voice they are used to than to a new one of better quality, even if the childish treble should betray itself now and then in the tones of the over-tired organ." In this he is quite right, but the "childish treble" is not so apparent as one would expect. Besides this contribution from the oldest writer to the *Atlantic*, there are the continuations of the serials by Margaret Deland and Henry James, a delightful article on English Love Songs by Agnes Repplier, poems by Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Edith M. Thomas, and a number of other interesting articles including a short story from the pen of Sarah Orne Jewett.

Francis Galton, F.R.S., the celebrated English scientist and author, contributes a timely and interesting article entitled: Why do we Measure Mankind? to the February number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. Mr. Galton shows the importance of being measured, weighed, and otherwise tested, according to the modern method, by the scientists and men of the age; especially the importance of applying this system of measurements to young people, in order to determine their capacities for special pursuits. Another timely article, The Salon Idea in New York, is contributed by C. H. Crandall. The author thoroughly believes in the *salon* idea, and holds that the *salon* ought to, and perhaps will, become a great power in our social and political life. The former power and influence of the French *salons* are touched upon, and pictures are given of many charming literary drawing-rooms in New York city.

Matrimonial Item.

Exasperated Wife—I want you to have that dog of ours shot. He annoys people with his growling.

Husband—That's no good reason for shooting him. If it was you wouldn't stand much show for your life.

A Hungry Man.

Gilhooly—I walked fifteen miles yesterday. McGinnis—That's a great deal of exercise. Ain't you overdoing it?

Gilhooly—O, no! I had to get up a ravenous appetite. My wife cooked for the first time.—*Texas Siftings.*

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I was troubled, for a long time, with a humor which appeared on my face in ugly Pimples and Blotches. By

Taking

Ayer's Sarsaparilla I was cured. I consider this medicine the best blood purifier in the world.—Charles H. Smith, North Craftsbury, Vt.

I had numbers of Carbuncles on my neck and back, with swellings in my armpits, and suffered greatly. Nothing relieved me until I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which entirely restored me to health.—Selby Carter, Nashville, Tenn.

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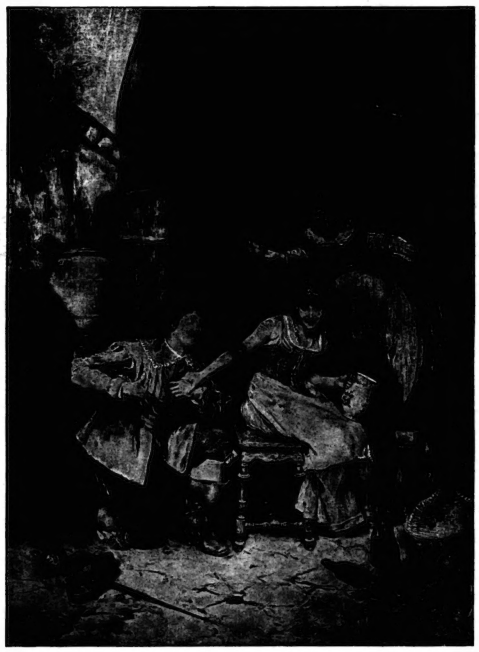

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A Literary Pitfall.

She (over an ice)—Do you care for Ibsen at all?

He (who has never heard of him)—Ye-es; I rather think I do.

She (Yet you speak as if you did not specially admire him.

He (to gain time)—Oh, really, you know, that is hardly fair—

She—At least you will grant he is original. A Doll's House, for instance, is quite unlike anything else of the sort.

He (not knowing whether it's a book, picture or musical composition)—Original, perhaps; but (pulling his mustache) don't you think it's—er—rather faulty, too?

She—Why, no; I thought the plot strong and interesting.

He (relieved at last to have caught on)—Oh, yes; interesting without doubt, but (loftily) I'm rather tired, don't you know, of children's stories since the Fauntleroy craze.—*Life.*

A Little too Smart.

Husband—I guess I'll saw and split some wood and bring up some coal for you.

Wife—No you won't. I'll do that myself.

"Do it yourself?"

"Yes siree. I'm up to your tricks. You are going to the theater to night and when you get home about one o'clock and have to be helped upstairs you will try to escape a scolding by reminding me that you sawed and split the wood and carried up the coal for me. I know you. I'll do my own chores, thank you."

"Very well, my dear. I gave up the theater project this morning, and as I never like to hear the sound of a saw except when I am using it myself, I'll take a turn around the block until you get through. You'll find a piece of grease for the saw in the old tomato can under the cellar stairs. Do you think you'll be through in an hour?"—*Boston Courier.*

Eastern Sportsman (in frontier camp)—Any game here?

Resident (sadly)—Nawthun but poker.

A Talk With George Kennan.

Mr. Kennan's world-wide reputation drew eager and attentive audiences to his lectures. I was one of those who laughed at his description of the strange customs among the roving inhabitants of Eastern Russia, and I also listened with thankful, yet strangely stirred heart, to the saddening tales of suffering among the convicts at the Siberian mines.

Curiously, though, one learns more of a person in a two-sided talk, and in the half-hour's interview I had with Mr. Kennan he proved himself an entertaining, a kindly and a willing conversationist.

He is of medium height, with clear-cut features and heavy dark mustache, which, after the manner of most men, he twirls and pulls and points. In talking to Mr. Kennan, attention centres, I think, upon his eyes. Dark, restless, full of a forceful determination, they give to his pale face a look of unceasing and untiring energy.

He acknowledged feeling fatigued on the previous evening, for he had traveled from early morning. That day (Saturday) he was going down into western New York to spend Sunday with his parents, returning to Toronto Monday to give his second lecture.

Every night since October 14 Mr. Kennan has lectured, except Christmas and the three following days.

"Do you agree, Mr. Kennan, with the waggish statement that in Russia a man is composed of body, soul and passport?" I asked laughingly.

"That is very nearly correct," he replied, and then went on to say that no serious danger or distress was connected with a journey in Russia, but many delays and much inconvenience. One was safe if he were only particular about his passport.

"Mr Felix Brant, the escaped convict, is with you, is he not?" I interrogated.

"Yes," was the answer, "he came to see me and is up in my room now. He had remarkable good fortune in his flight. It is almost impossible to escape."

Regarding the truth of the story that public telephone service had been suppressed in Warsaw, Mr. Kennan expressed little doubt. It was, in his words, "quite likely."

His quiet acquiescence to what seemed to me almost incredible amazed me, and I told him so.

With a gesture indicative of the very trivial interference with freedom which that exhibited, he began to tell me a startling tale of the preparation of newspapers for the Russian public.

The proof sheets are submitted to a censor. He blue-pencils objectionable words—for instance, "free citizen"—and often cuts out whole editorials. The sheets come back to the newspaper office almost cut to pieces and each member of the staff repairs his own copy. "How dreadful!" I said, but that was a mild expression. "Wouldn't there be swearing in the composing room!" was the comment of a newspaper man to whom I told the story. His first thought was probably born of a long acquaintance with the upstairs atmosphere.

English papers have many paragraphs deleted and often whole articles are missing.

"That," said Mr. Kennan, "is very childish, for if a man gets a paper with a blackened paragraph or a missing article he very naturally wants to read it. All he has to do is to write to the editor asking that the article appearing in such a place be sent him in a letter."

"Your *Century* articles are removed from the magazine on its entry into Russia, are they not?"

"Yes; but," with a satisfied smile, "they go in nevertheless."

Mr. Kennan has a story to tell, and he tells it in plain English words. His lectures are not oratorical efforts; they are real experiences related by a real man. Aided by a resonant voice, embellished with well-chosen figures, and combined with effective gesture, they yet owe their greatest power to the personality and downright earnestness of the indomitable man who tells so forcefully of people and places in that far-off land.

FRANCES BURTON CLARK.

Art and Artists.

I called at the house of Mr. L. R. O'Brien the other morning, and found the president of the Canadian Academy in his pleasant studio surrounded by the spoils of his last summer's raid into the old land. Mr. O'Brien's studio does not realize at all the Bohemian ideal one is apt to have of an artist's work room, but it is an artistic room for all that. The large window lets in a flood of clear north light—the best light for both painter and writer—which illuminates every corner of the cosy apartment and shows to advantage the many pictures, sketches and bric-a-brac with which it is filled. Over the window is draped in lieu of a curtain a section of a fishing net, such as is used by the pilchard fishers in the south of England, with its large cork floats still attached. In one corner is a cosy ingle-nook. Beside it is a set of book shelves, and a few palms and other plants lend their verdure to the brightness of the room.

In the course of a few general remarks on art Mr. O'Brien said: "I am in favor of every movement to bring the artist and the public closer together and to awaken in the people a greater interest in true art. Too many people here are yet utterly unconscious of the value of good art as an intellectual stimulus. They spend more than enough in their house decorations. They make their homes look bright and cosy. They have lovely curtains, costly rugs, soft cushions, luxurious chairs—everything that conduces to bodily comfort. All this they understand and it is well done. And they would like to do more, to show evidence of taste and refinement.

"Good taste and refinement of mind are based upon intellectual culture, and the contents of a room should show the direction this culture has taken. Where there is no culture, but merely a desire for display, the rooms are apt to be filled with a senseless jumble of incongruous articles, indicating nothing but the chaotic condition of mind that brought them together.

"Simplicity and repose are essential elements of good taste. The time will come in Canada, as it has done elsewhere, when whatever people put in their rooms will mean something. Good pictures, etchings or engravings, mean something; they suggest ideas and stimulate thought. As people become accustomed to this intellectual companionship in their surroundings a simpler and purer taste will prevail, distracting and incongruous articles will be banished and each room will present a restful and harmonious whole, indicating the special studies, tastes and character of its occupant.

"For this there must be systematic arrangement and connection. A collection of stones brought together to illustrate some processes of geological formation may acquire great value, but without arrangement, it would be of no more interest than a heap of gravel on the street. Collections of curios and bric-a-brac are often thus made without thought or definite purpose, and the result is that they neither afford mental food, nor are a record of pleasing associations. When they have lost their novelty they amount to little more than so much rubbish."

On being asked his opinion of Prof. Goldwin Smith's article on Canadian Art in *Bystander*, Mr. O'Brien said: "While I have the highest possible respect for Mr. Goldwin Smith personally and for the opinions he expresses, I cannot but think that in this case he has looked on the dark side of the subject. Our advancement has been very rapid here recently in every line. I think it will continue to be so and I feel hopeful that in art there will be a corresponding forward movement and that our future is not quite as hopeless as Professor Smith seems to predict. The obstacles are great, but obstacles are not always a bar to progress. The greatest human achievements have been made in spite of and under the stimulus of apparently insurmountable difficulties."

Mr. O'Brien showed me his sketches and paintings made in England at London, Canterbury, Windsor, Rye, Hastings, and on the Devonshire and Cornwall coasts. His studio is open to the public every Saturday afternoon during the winter, and he will be glad to welcome anyone who is interested in art and show them his work.

VAN.

Out of Towns.

BARRIE.

Several small evenings, afternoon teas and skating parties have been given lately, and others are spoken of. Also snowshoe and driving parties are anticipated with pleasure, and will likely take place as soon as the weather permits, which up to the present has scarcely been favorable for participation in these winter amusements.

A very pleasant whist party was given one evening last week by Mr. J. Henderson of Bellevue for some gentleman friends.

Mr. E. Mitchell of Hamilton was the guest of Mrs. Daniel Spry this week.

Mrs. A. Lovett Cameron and child left on Wednesday morning for Kingston, also Miss Lulu Irwin of that city who has been visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Bridges and family have returned from Toronto.

Miss E. Chapman and Miss Bell of Hamilton, who have been spending a few weeks at Mrs. Dyment's of Rowanhurst, left for home recently.

Miss Alice Hamilton of Port Credit, who has been visiting at Mrs. George J. Mason's of Harr Hall, returned home last week.

Messrs. Wray of Hamilton spent a few days in town this week, and were the guests of Mrs. Cotter of Rock Forest.

Mr. J. F. R. Fairbairn has returned from Peterboro'.

Mrs. Allan Lloyd is home again after spending a few weeks in Toronto and Ottawa.

OCULAIRE.

OTTAWA.

Jan. 23, 1890.

After all, the gentlemen's subscription dance came off on Friday of last week at the Rideau Court. Much credit is due to Mr. John Carling and Mr. Edward Grant, whose untiring efforts to make the dance a success were fully rewarded by the result. There were about three hundred invitations issued, all of which had evidently been taken advantage of. The chaperones were Lady Grant, Lady Ritchie, Mrs. C. H. Tupper and Mrs. Travers Lewis.

Mrs. Moylan of Daly avenue was At Home on Friday afternoon last.

The further attraction of dancing has been added to the At Homes at Government House on Saturday afternoons. At five o'clock the Foot Guards' Band leave the rink and take up their position in the large ball-room, where dancing is then indulged in until six o'clock.

The Deputy Minister of Railways and Mrs. Trudeau entertained several friends on Sunday at an afternoon musicale.

On Monday evening the Rink was re-opened for parties, having been closed for some days owing to the serious illness of the caretaker. The music on this occasion was excellent, as were also the refreshments.

Tuesday evening a very large dinner party was given at Government House, some eighty invitations having been issued. The same evening the Speaker of the House of Commons and Mrs. Ouimet, entertained several guests at dinner.

Wednesday evening last was the occasion of the dance at the Racquet Court, given conjointly by Mrs. de St. Denys Lemoine and Miss Josie Mackey.

The Minister of Marine and Fisheries and Mrs. Tupper gave a dinner party on Wednesday last.

Mrs. Anderson of Maria street gave a small dance on the evening of Tuesday.

The dance that was to have been given at Government House on Thursday evening was unavoidably postponed, owing to the illness of Her Excellency.

Mrs. Crombie of Metcalfe street gave a large skating party on Thursday afternoon at the Rideau rink.

Another Racquet Court dance was given yesterday (Friday) evening conjointly by Mrs. Louis Jones, Mrs. Chipman and Mrs. W. E. Hodgins.

Invitations are out for an At Home at Mrs. Trudeau's on Tuesday next from 3 to 7.

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Births.

MONTEITH—At Rosseau, Muskoka, on January 24, Mrs. John Monteith—a daughter.

GOURLAY—At Toronto, Mrs. David B. Gourlay—a daughter.

WEDD—At Toronto, on January 21, Mrs. John C. Wedd—a daughter.

HUSSEY—At Toronto, on January 16, Mrs. William Hussey—a son.

COX—At Goderich, on January 23, Mrs. Geo. B. Cox—a daughter.

COSGROVE—At Toronto, on January 19, Mrs. J. J. Cosgrove—a daughter.

HOLGATE—At Toronto, on January 20, Mrs. F. H. Holgate—a daughter.

BURTON—At Allandale, on January 22, Mrs. James L. Burton—a daughter.

NORMAN—At Toronto, on January 26, Mrs. J. W. Norman—2 sons.

SCOTT—At Toronto, on January 20, Mrs. J. G. Scott—a son.

LUKEMAN—At Toronto, on January 20, Mrs. J. M. Lukeman—a son.

MUTCH—At Toronto, on January 24, Mrs. John Mutch—a son.

GREGG—At Toronto, on January 25, Mrs. Maxwell Gregg—a son.

CHESTNUT—At West Toronto Junction, on January 28, Mrs. D. George Chestnut—a son.

CURZON—At Toronto, on January 25, Mrs. A. J. Curzon—a son.

LEE—At Toronto, on January 27, Mrs. W. Cecil Lee—a daughter.

Marriages.

LAING—McKINDSEY—At Binbrook, on January 15, J. A. Laing to Clara L. E. McKindsey.

HALL—HENDERSON—At Detroit, on January 21, Rev. W. J. Hall to Agnes Henderson.

BRYDON—WILSON—At King Township, on January 22, James Brydon to Hannah Maud Mary Wilson.

MONKMAN—EAST—At Bolton, January 21, Charles G. Monkman to Minnie East.

BELL—DEANS—At Toronto, on January 22, R. H. Bell to Maggie Deans.

McNEIL—DRUMMOND—At West Toronto Junction, on January 21, Rev. John McNeil to Annie Mary Drummond.

WRIGHT—TURNBULL—At Clinton, Ont., on January 22, C. H. C. Wright to Helen Lilly Moore Turnbull.

STRIKE—GIFFORD—At Port Hope, on January 22, Wm. S. Strike to Clara C. Gifford.

DAVEY—LEE—At Duluth, Minn., on January 21, John H. Davey to Clara B. Lee.

BRUIN—DAVIS—At Tyendinaga, on December 18, Albert H. Bruin to Celia M. Davis.

COCKBURN—BELL—At Toronto, on January 23, Angus G. Cockburn to Phoebe G. Bell.

Deaths.

KILWELL—At Toronto, on January 25, John T. Kilwell, aged 34 years.

STEWART—At Toronto, on January 25, Annie Stewart, aged 20 years.

BENNETT—At Toronto, on January 22, Mrs. Archibald Bennett.

TAYLOR—At Toronto, on January 26, Mrs. Henrietta Taylor, aged 60 years.

COYNE—At Toronto, on January 26, Samuel Coyne, aged 71 years.

VERNON—At Toronto, on January 26, Rev. Canon E. H. Harcourt Vernon, aged 60 year .

OLDBURY—At Toronto, on January 25, Mrs. Wm. Oldbury.

MAUGHNE—At Toronto, on January 26, Michael Maughne

NEILL—At Campbellford, on January 23, Rev. Robert Neill, D.D., aged 86 years.

APPLEYARD—At Toronto, on January 27, Francis Appleyard.

BESWICK—At Toronto, on January 25, James Prestwich Beswick, aged 67 years.

KENNEDY—At Owen Sound, on January 24, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. James C. Kennedy.

MACHELL—At Toronto, on January 28, infant son of Dr. H. T. and M. E. Machell, aged 7 months.

HUMPHREY—At Toronto, on January 24, Joseph Humphrey, aged 79 years

CUNNINGHAM—At Markham, on January 24, Mrs. Robt. Cunningham.

BLACK—At Cobourg, on January 22, Andrew Black, aged 77 years.

BLACK—At Cobourg, on January 21, Christina Black, aged 38 years.

COADY—At Toronto, on January 23, John Coady, aged 51 years.

JACOBS—At Newtonville, on January 24, Joseph Jacobs, aged 80 years.

HEWLETT—At Victoria, B.C., on January 20, Howard Hewlett.

DRINKWATER—At Toronto, on January 24, James L. Drinkwater.

PEARMAN—At Toronto, on January 27, Peter Pearman, aged 82 years.

MORRIS—At Pembroke, on January, 22, James Morris, aged 71 years.

PERKINS—At Toronto, on January 24, Mrs. Amy Perkins, aged 75 years.

WALKEM—At Kingston, on January 23, youngest daughter of R. T. Walkem, aged 2 years.

BALL—At Niagara Township, on January 27, John William Ball, aged 77 years.

ARMSTRONG—At Milneford Mills, on January 28, Mrs. J. E. W. Armstrong, aged 45 years.

GREENE—At Toronto, on January 27, Mrs. Mary Greene, aged 78 years

MALLOCH—At Hamilton, on January 28, Mrs. Archibald Malloch aged 36 years.

HAYWARD—At Peterborough, on January 20, Stuart Francis Goode Hayward, aged 39 years.

WIDDIFIELD—At Newmarket, on January 25, Rose Evelyn Widdifield.

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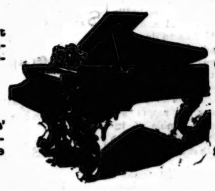

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